

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. G. WERNDEL

Representatives of the Tsar (among whom was the Grand Duke Nicholas) and of the Russian Army went to Bulgaria to join with the Bulgarians in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversaries of some of the most striking events in the Russo-Turkish War. The Grand Duke Nicholas and Prince Ferdinand, accompanied by Russian guests and Bulgarian Ministers, attended the consecration of

the church erected at Shipka to commemorate the Russian defence of the Pass in 1877 against the repeated attacks of Suleiman Pasha. During the ceremony a procession of priests came out from the church and marched round the building.

THE SHIPKA CELEBRATIONS: THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE MEMORIAL CHURCH

## Topics of the Week

### In the Balkans

A FRENCH humorist once pointed out that inasmuch as the Balkans and the Dardanelles were the chief difficulties in the eternal Eastern Question, the simplest way of solving the whole problem would be to move the Balkans southward and sink them in the Dardanelles. The events of the last week have given renewed point to this audacious joke. The nervous incumbents of the European Chancelleries must have often wished that it were possible, and that a magnified Lesseps could arise and again "retouch the work of God," as Renan said of the cutting of the Suez Canal. Happily, one-half of their prevailing fears have proved unfounded. The Dardanelles aspect of the Eastern Question is not to be re-opened, and the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" will still remain unviolated. But if the *status quo* in the Dardanelles gives rise to no anxiety, the prospects in the Balkans are far less reassuring. Precise information as to what is happening in Macedonia is lacking, but there seems to be no question that a formidable insurrection has taken place. This is clear from the large number of Turkish troops poured into the province, and also from the circular note addressed to the Powers by the Sublime Porte in which formal complaint is made of the assistance given by Bulgaria to the rebels. The fact that an insurrection has broken out at the present season of the year is a very ugly sign. Hitherto it has been an axiom of European diplomacy that when once the Macedonian hillsides are covered with snow peace is assured. The Macedonians might defy the Bashi-Bazouks, but against General Winter they are powerless. For once this axiom has proved a delusion. Despite the rigours of the wintry season the *royals* have flown to arms. This would seem to show that the spirit which animates them is far more desperate than it has hitherto been. If this is really the case we may be tolerably certain that within a very short time events of considerable gravity will occur. The Turkish methods of dealing with formidable insurrections have an unenviable notoriety, and hitherto they have never failed to produce a serious European crisis. If such a crisis is to be averted the Powers should act with decision and promptitude. They are to a very great extent responsible for the present situation. In 1878 they promised certain reforms to the Macedonians and Albanians. These reforms have never been carried out. During the last few years the Macedonians have seen the Cretans force the Powers to fulfil their promises, and they would be scarcely human if they did not profit by the example. Their programme is, no doubt, the same as that of the Cretans, and if the Powers are not careful they will drag Europe to the brink of an international catastrophe in the same way that the Cretans did. Concerted action by the Powers now to remedy the most crying grievances of the Macedonians and Albanians would probably avert such a crisis. The wisest course would consequently be to act at once. There is nothing in the general European situation to prevent the Powers from taking up the question now, and from insisting, once for all, that the Macedonian nightmare shall be dispelled by a loyal fulfilment of Article XXIII. of the Treaty of Berlin.

**Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Party** AN enterprising Member of Parliament has been trying to draw from Lord Rosebery a statement of how he stands with regard to the Liberal Party. The enterprise has failed. Lord Rosebery first replied that he adheres to the policy which he laid down at Chesterfield, and that he must remain outside the tabernacle until the Liberal Party comes round to his policy. Undeterred by this preliminary rebuff, Mr. Black, the enterprising Member of Parliament, tried again, and asked what Lord Rosebery would do if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman showed a "coming-on" disposition or words to that effect. Lord Rosebery, in reply, declined to say what he would do under contingencies that had not yet arisen. There the matter lies so far as Mr. Black and Lord Rosebery are concerned. Perhaps that may be the end so far also as the public is concerned. Lord Rosebery is by general consent the most brilliant of Liberal politicians. He touches the imagination and he commands the interest of the British public in a manner which no other man on the Liberal side can rival. But something more than mere brilliancy is needed to make an effective leader of a political party. Men who

have to act together in the daily struggle of political life require a leader who is always at his post, never sparing himself, constantly ready with advice, and willing to take a hand in the everyday hard work. In place of these qualities Lord Rosebery offers to those who would gladly be his followers a succession of brilliant speeches at prolonged intervals. These meteoric flashes are all of them marvellously impressive, while they sweep across the political sky, but they are half forgotten before the day is out. Doubtless Lord Rosebery must be prepared to find that the Chesterfield programme will go the way of the Newcastle programme, and of many another programme, authorised and unauthorised, that has been put forward on behalf of one or other political party.

### Reservists' Grievances

No doubt the War Office can show good reason for not settling up promptly with Reservists on their discharge from active service. We feel assured, moreover, that Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts will do all they can to remedy the resulting evils. These are of two sorts. The first is that, owing to the discharge papers not being ready, the men find it impossible to secure civilian employment. Apart from the official documents, a discharged Reservist has no credentials of either good service or good conduct to prove his fitness for the post he covets. For all the employer can tell, the applicant may be a rank impostor who has never done a day of campaigning in his life, or if not so bad as that, may have earned a black character during his soldiering. The second just grievance of these men is that the State is indebted to them in considerable sums, which, had they been paid on discharge, would have provided them with the means of living until employment was obtained. Some claim as much as 20*l.*, but the War Office very justly remark that the claims cannot be settled up in the absence of authenticated accounts. The question accordingly arises, why have these "authenticated accounts" not been handed in to headquarters?

### Electric Tramway Dangers

MOST Londoners have made personal acquaintance with electric tramways. But among the more reflective users of the palatial cars it is not unobserved that tramways have some drawbacks. Owing to the general flatness of the country round London, it is only here and there that steep hills have to be negotiated. But in the provinces, where they are much more plentiful, it has become of common occurrence for cars to bolt, either ascending or descending, owing to the brake-power being either insufficient or getting out of order. When a car once gets control on a sharp acclivity, the driver and guard are virtually as helpless as the passengers themselves; every instant the momentum increases, and there remains nothing for it but to trust to good luck for escape. It is essential, therefore, that those in charge should have positive orders to "slow" on approaching any descent, while they should be provided with supplementary brakes to prevent bolting backwards on ascents. Another peril to tramway passengers is consequent on the liability of overhead wires to break and get entangled with the limbs and bodies of unfortunate human beings. It is very much open to question whether the underground system of laying wires should not be substituted for the overhead for the future in all new enterprises. The former involves considerably larger outlay, but there appears to be no question about its superior safety.



The village of Shipka lies at the foot of the Shipka Pass. A handsome church has been erected in the village to commemorate the defence of the Pass in 1877. It is an imposing building, and produces a striking effect, standing out in relief as it does against the rocky ascent of the pass. The central cupola of the church is surmounted by a cross over a crescent.

THE SHIPKA CELEBRATIONS: THE MEMORIAL CHURCH

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

PRAY excuse me if I am not quite so lucid as usual this week. The window at which I am now writing looks upon the quietest and most picturesque market-place in the world. That is, it usually is so. But to-day happens to be an annual fair of considerable importance, and the whole of the roadway is blocked up with shows and stalls, and the pathways are impassable by reason of dense crowds a-grin with delight and open-mouthed with astonishment. Five steam roundabouts are everlastingly revolving, five steam organs are perpetually going—each grinding a different tune—a blatant bell is continually clanging, and an energetic drummer plays a solo, that lasts all day, on his somewhat noisy instrument. Added to which there is a shrieking of steam-whistles in every variety of discord, the blowing of horns, the squeaking of penny trumpets, the ting-tang followed by a violent thud that marks the efforts of the stalwart wielders of the sledge-hammer, the crack of guns and the smashing of crockeryware. Besides this there is the raucous shouting of the showmen—who seem to become more unintelligible as they wax louder—the patter of the cheap jack and the hum of the populace. It is a very pandemonium of discordant sounds that might easily form the overture to some wild Wagnerian opera—an absolute carnival of antagonistic noises. There is no "interval for refreshment," there is no cessation whatever to the inharmonious din. It will continue till midnight unless the rain should increase and wash away the Wagnerite audience, who seem absolutely to revel in the endless variety of ear-torture. So, if there are more mistakes than usual in my column this week, I trust some excuse may be found in the circumstances under which it was written.

It really seems as if some of my favourite projects are likely to be practically carried out. I have been able to congratulate the public on the foundation of the Pedestrians' Protection League, and some six weeks ago I asked "Why is there not a Thames Preservation Society?" That question has been answered in the most satisfactory fashion by the establishment of the Thames Preservation League, which has for its objects "the preservation for the public enjoyment and the protection from unnecessary disfigurement of the Thames, and, so far as possible, of its tributaries, with all backwaters, towpaths, bridges, ferries, landing-places, old buildings, and all that tends to maintain the beauty and interest of the river." The scheme, as detailed, is singularly well thought out and comprehensive, the executive council seems to be strong and well selected, and it is only a matter of regret to me that such a society was not established thirty years ago. As one who has intimately known the Thames from his boyhood, and who has written more about it, in prose and in verse, than most people, I most cordially wish the new League every possible success.

With the greatest interest have I been reading the recent remarks of the *Lancet* with regard to alcoholic atmosphere and its effects. It is a long while since I have tested the peculiar powers of an alcoholic atmosphere, but it seems to me the symptoms described in the article alluded to are wondrously accurate. I can call to mind in the days of my youth being one of a party, having a passport known in the trade as a tasting-order, going on a voyage of discovery amid the ports, sherries, and clarets of some notable cellars in the Docks. And most assuredly can I recall experiencing "at first a peculiarly stimulating effect, followed by depression and headache and nausea." It also had a certain effect on the vision. Our party suddenly became doubled in number and everyone carried two candles, except myself, and I seemed to be flourishing four. I felt well disposed towards the whole world. I felt inclined to fraternise with everybody. I shook hands warmly with the cellarman at parting, thanked him enthusiastically for a very pleasant evening, and hoped he would be able to come and stay a fortnight with me. On emerging from the cellar still more remarkable phenomena were observable. All the ships alongside the quay seemed to shoot over my head, and the voices of my friends, who were chattering incessantly, seemed to be a very long way off. Subsequently came the reaction, exactly as described in the *Lancet*. I went to bed at two o'clock mid-day, and remained there till the next morning, with a head apparently weighing two tons, which had Joe Gargery's smithy inside it and everyone hard at work!

"O hammer, boys, around—Old Clem!  
With a thump and a sound—Old Clem!  
Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem!  
With a clink for the stout—Old Clem!  
Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem!  
Roaring drier, soaring higher—Old Clem!

And the blacksmiths' song seems to be beaten into my brain to the accompaniment of a thousand hammers!

The craze that has been recently developed for pictorial postcards leads one to crave for one or two improvements in them. It seems, in order to play the game properly, these cards should be posted from the towns that they picture, and should have some special writing upon them from the sender to make them worth preservation by the recipient. But I find many of the cards do not give sufficient space for the inscription, and the material of which they are made does not offer an agreeable surface for penmanship. Now nothing is so pleasant to write on as a good card, but I am afraid many of the pictorial specimens I have recently encountered suffer from being over-glazed. This often causes the ink to run, which is generally irritating to the carder, and frequently mystifying to the cardee.



## The Autumn Session

BY HENRY W. LUCY

IT is long since Parliament foregathered under such important and exciting circumstances. On one important point interest in Parliamentary proceedings has been forestalled by Mr. Chamberlain's speech to the Liberal Unionists at Birmingham. So recently as a fortnight ago the question of the hour was, will Mr. Balfour surrender on the point of permitting denominational teaching in schools supported out of the public purse? The result of the Sevenoaks election, followed by certain signs of dissent in the Ministerial camp, reaching a climax in the action of the Birmingham Liberal Unionists, seemed calculated to give the Government pause. Mr. Chamberlain was instrumental in removing all doubt on that matter. At the first sound of revolt among his personal contingent he, with characteristic courage, summoned the malcontents to meet him and talk the matter over. He took the opportunity of making two points unmistakably clear. First, the Government mean to pass the Education Bill as it stood when the House adjourned last August. Secondly, if they are defeated, they will resign.

Thus it came to pass that members know exactly how and where they stand. That the Education Bill, with its main principles unmitigated, will be added to the Statute Book before the Prorogation is universally admitted. What remains to be developed is the measure of the tenacity of the Opposition. There is no doubt the Bill has, temporarily at least, performed the miracle of uniting the many-headed Liberal Party. Grateful for the new condition of affairs, they may be counted upon to prolong its duration as far as possible. The titular Leader of the Opposition has not hitherto taken the most prominent part in the Parliamentary conflict. On the Front Opposition Bench this has been assumed by Sir William Harcourt. The Right Hon. gentleman has finally quitted the place of retirement at the end of the bench, whither some years ago he repaired, in company with Mr. John Morley. He has gravitated to his old place in front of the brass-bound box. Occasionally involuntarily, probably unconsciously, he shows a disposition to elbow "C.-B." out of the Leader's seat. He is full of fight and fire, and evidently means to be in constant attendance throughout Committee.

But though between now and mid-December there may be alarms and excursions, given the determination of Ministers to pass the Bill, the Opposition will be impotent to withstand it. There has been some talk in the Lobby of the Irish members turning against a Government whom they have hitherto supported on the Education Bill. If this prove to be the case, it will not affect the issue. If the full muster of the fourscore Nationalists went into the Lobby with the Liberals, the Government would still command a majority of over 100. There is, however, no fear in the Whips' room of such a contingency. Nothing would please the Irish members, exceptionally angered just now by Mr. Wyndham's vigorous policy, more than opportunity to give the Government what the Private Secretary used to describe as "a good hard knock." But as long as the fate of the Education Bill rests in the balance, what they describe as a Coercion Government is safe from attack from this quarter. The Irish members have been bought over by promise of subvention from the National Exchequer of Roman Catholic Schools, and they are not going to quarrel with their bread and butter.

Many inquiries have been made as to the probable length of the Session. Taking into account the circumstances indicated above, it is agreed that if the Prorogation can be brought about on Saturday, 13th December, it is as much as may reasonably be expected. It must not be forgotten that the Education Bill, though it looms large on the programme of the Autumn Session, does not wholly comprise it. There is the London Water Bill to be dealt with and the new Rules of Procedure to be completed. The former is a stupendous undertaking, involving the expenditure of millions of money and the welfare of the most populous city in the world. But the Bill has already been licked into shape in Grand Committee, and two or three nights ought to see its final stages accomplished.

It is different with the Procedure Rules, every line bristling with contentious matter. Here the Irish members will have a free hand, and may be expected to make up for their enforced quietude on the Education Bill. The necessity for taking up this work and completing it before the Prorogation is imperative. It is true that some of the more revolutionary rules, including the one rearranging the hours of the sitting, have been carried—but only as Sessional Orders. If they are not made Standing Orders before the Prorogation, the long labour of the early weeks of the Session will be lost, and the work will, in a new Session, have to be commenced *de novo*.

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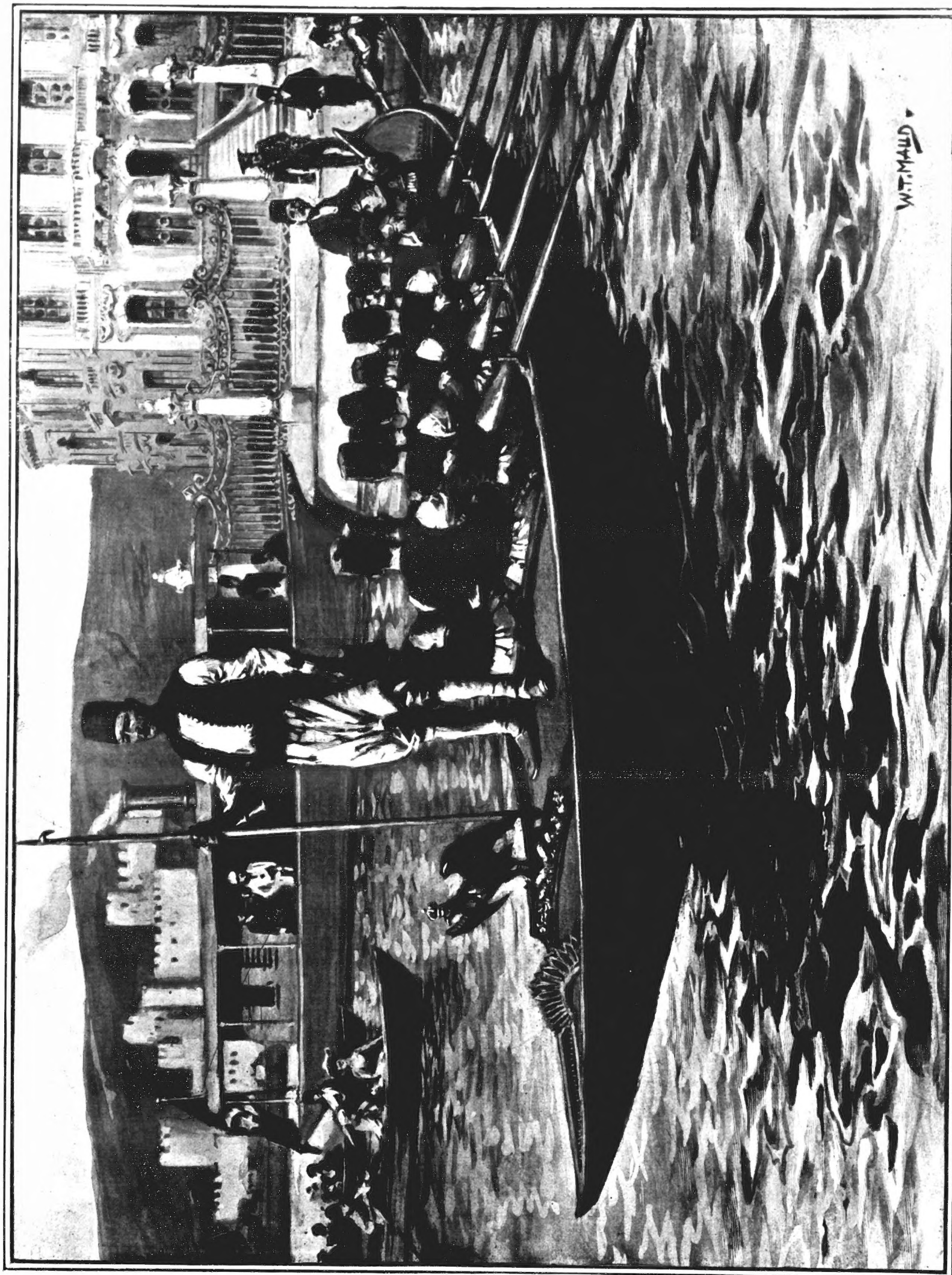
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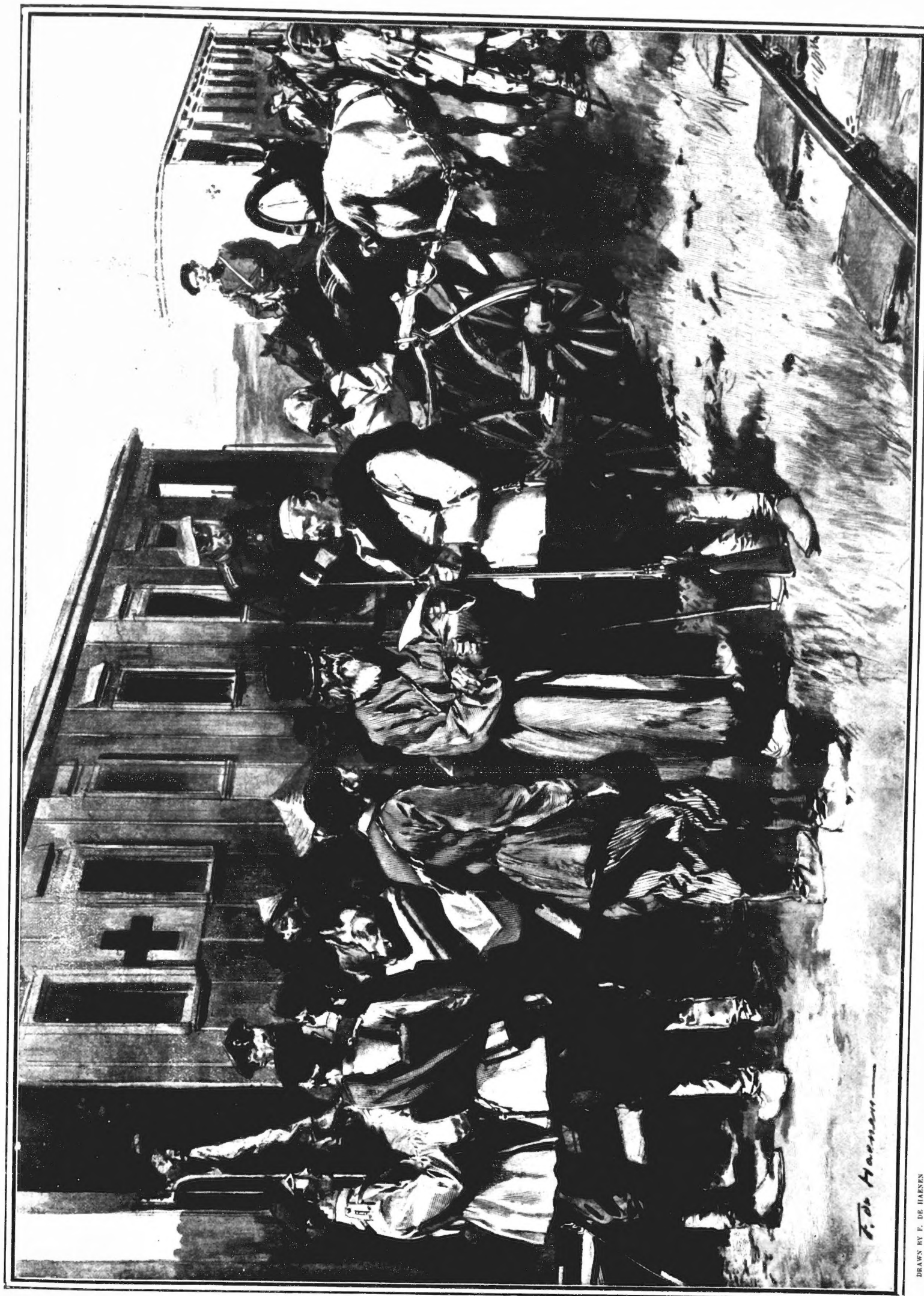
DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The Grand Duke Nicholas arrived at Constantinople on board the warship *Georgi Potemkin*, which received permission at the last moment to pass the Kavak Forts owing to Russia's insistence on this point. The Sultan placed Morassin Kiosk at the Grand Duke's disposal. During the latter's stay at Constantinople he visited the famous Sweet Waters of Asia on the Bosphorus, being taken there in a steam launch, and afterwards entering a State yacht he was rowed by ten boatmen in handsome scarlet and white liveries

FROM A SKETCH BY G. E. RIDGELY, R.N.

THE VISIT OF THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS TO THE SULTAN: AN AFTERNOON ON THE SWEET WATERS OF ASIA





DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

A correspondent writes:—"The Russians have been taking measures to cope with the prevalence of cholera in Manchuria. In Kharbia, the outbreak among both Russians and Chinese has been very severe. Carriages have been set aside on the railway to serve for ambulances, and to these the patients are carried, and thus isolated."

# THE RUSSIANS IN MANCHURIA: REMOVING CHOLERA PATIENTS AT KHARBIA

F. de Haenen

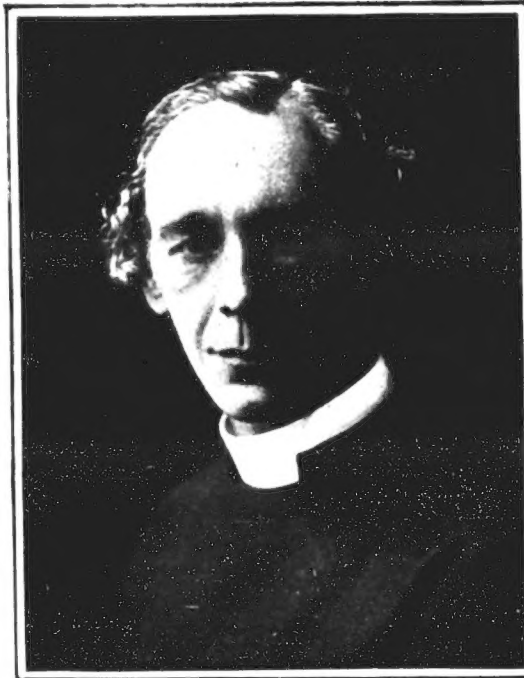
## Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

I REMEMBER some years ago reading an amusing story. It was to the effect that an Oxford man had so come down in the world that he was reduced to selling pies in the streets of Melbourne. One day when he was offering his wares in the principal street of the city he met a prosperous citizen who had been a fellow-undergraduate in his college days. The latter recognised his former fellow-student, and began to condole with him on his being reduced to such a miserable condition. The other listened for a moment or two with growing impatience, and finally burst out with—"Confound your sympathy: buy a pie!" I was reminded of the story while watching the arrival of the Boer Generals in Paris last Monday. The moment had come for our French friends to "buy a pie" by expressing their sympathy in francs and centimes, and it had a remarkably chilling effect on their enthusiasm. The frenzied enthusiasm that greeted ex-President Kruger was gone. *Où sont les neiges d'autan?*

The Boer sympathisers had carefully chosen the luncheon hour for the arrival of the Generals so as to give the population an opportunity of greeting them. But even this did not bring out the crowd they expected. The mass of people was imposing enough, but nothing like what it would have been if the population had been really deeply interested. Their reception was cordial, but nothing more. I imagine that curiosity more than anything else brought the crowd together. The cheering was not that deep, swelling roar which characterises the *voix populi* when it is really moved, but rather a friendly shout of welcome to distinguished guests. I was driving up the Rue Lafayette a couple of months ago, when I met a clattering squadron of cuirassiers escorting the Crown Prince of Siam to the Elysée, and the reception accorded him was much the same as that given to Generals De Wet, Botha and Delarey. A mounted escort will always cause a Frenchman to cheer, be the person escorted a Sovereign or a negro chief.

The latest exploit of the French fiscal administration merits being put on record, as it is a startling proof of the extent to which red tape can carry French functionaries. On May 11 last the thirteen-year-old daughter of a workman died in the little village of Quinson, in the Department of the Vaucluse. Her father was a poor man, with a family of five children. His daughter naturally possessed no property. The father in consequence made no



CANON J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON  
THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

declaration to the authorities. Some zealous quilldriver, however, discovered that at the annual distribution of prizes at the village school the municipality had given the little girl a savings bank book with the sum of five francs inscribed in it. On account of her possessing this fortune her father was called upon to pay succession duty to the extent of ten francs eighty centimes, or more than double the sum in question. Not only this, but proceedings were taken against him, and he was menaced with the seizure of his modest furniture if he did not pay up.

## The New Dean of Westminster

THE selection of a successor to Dr. Bradley in the Deanery of Westminster has been awaited with even more interest than is usually attached to such an important appointment. It is the first ecclesiastical appointment of high rank that Mr. Balfour has had to make, and the choice of Canon Armitage Robinson for the post has given almost universal satisfaction—there must always be a few extremists who would never be content. The new Dean is a moderate High Churchman, who, as one of the Canons at Westminster, has had much to do with the gradual levelling up of the services of the Abbey lately. If his views are more like those associated with St. Paul's than with those of his two predecessors at the Abbey, tradition has, in one respect, been scrupulously followed, since Canon Robinson is essentially a scholar. For a Dean of Westminster Canon Robinson is a comparatively young man. Stanley, with all his social advantages, was older when he was appointed to the deanery than Canon Robinson, whose preferment is due solely to his merit. Throughout his career his reputation as a theological scholar has steadily increased. Joseph Armitage Robinson is the son of an Irish clergyman, and was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he was a scholar. He took the second Chancellor's medal for classics and was fourth classic in 1881. In that year he was made Fellow of his College, and in 1884 was appointed Dean of the College, a post he held until 1890. In 1881 he was ordained and was appointed examining chaplain to the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Then for a year he was domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Durham. From 1885 to 1886 he was curate of Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, and from 1888 to 1892 the vicar of All Saints', Cambridge. He was from 1886 to 1888 Cambridge Whitehall Preacher. As a young man he had come under the influence not only of Dr. Lightfoot (Bishop of Durham), but also of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort, all of whom were renowned for their theological scholarship. The influence of these ripe scholars was in due time to bear fruit. In 1893 Dr. Armitage Robinson was appointed to the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity in his University, and held that chair for over five years, during which period he published some theological works of deep erudition. In 1894 Dr. Armitage Robinson was appointed Prebendary of Wells, and held that post until 1899, when he was appointed to a Canonry of Westminster, which carried with it the Rectorship of St. Margaret's, Westminster. A year later, however, he relinquished the latter post on being appointed to an independent stall in the Abbey. In 1899 he was appointed Select Preacher at Oxford, and last year was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. Our photograph is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



The forty-second annual meeting of the Church Congress was held at Northampton. The presidential address was delivered by Dr. Thicknesse, Suffragan Bishop of Leicester, in the absence of the Bishop of Peterborough. Some of the discussions were very animated. Thus, the question of the use of images was started by Mr. Athelstan Riley, who found a keen opponent in Prebendary Webb Peplow.

An interesting debate on "Bibl. Criticism" was opened by the Bishop of Salisbury, in which Dr. Kirkpatrick made a striking speech. Then there was the Education Bill, to the discussion of which a whole day was given, and, as usual, the question of confession formed the subject of a bitter controversy.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORTHAMPTON: IN THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE GUILDHALL

DRAWN BY A. S. BOLD





"Now while he spoke thus somewhat at random, for he was watching her all the while, Miriam kept her eyes fixed upon his face, as though she searched there for something which she could but half recall"

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### PEARL-MAIDEN

MANY days had gone by, but still the fighting was not ended, for the Jews continued to hold the upper city. As it chanced, however, in one of the assaults upon it that officer who had rescued Miriam was badly hurt by a spear-thrust in the leg, so that he could be of no more service in this war. Therefore, because he was a man whom Titus trusted, he was ordered to sail with others of the sick for Rome, taking in his charge much of the treasure that had been captured, and for this purpose travelled down to Tyre, whence his vessel was to put to sea. In obedience to the command of Cæsar he had carried the captive Miriam to the camp of his legion upon the Mount of Olives, and there placed her in a tent, where an old slave-woman tended her. For a while it was not certain whether she would live or die, for her sufferings and all that she had seen brought her so near to death that it was hard to keep her from passing its half-opened gates. Still, with good food and care, the strength came back to her body. But in mind Miriam remained sick, since during all these weeks she wandered in her talk so that no word of reason passed her lips.

Now, many would have wearied of her and thrust her out to take her chance with hundreds of other poor creatures who roamed about

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the land until they perished or were enslaved of Arabs. But this Roman did not act thus; in truth, as he had promised it should be, had she been his daughter, Miriam could not have been better tended. Whenever his duties gave him time he would sit with her, trying to beguile her madness, and after he himself was wounded, from morning to night they were together, till at length the poor girl grew to love him in a crazy fashion, and would throw her arms about his neck and call him "uncle," as in the old days she had named the Essenes. Moreover, she learned to know the soldiers of that legion, who became fond of her and would bring her offerings of fruit and winter flowers, or of aught else that they thought would please her. So when the captain received his orders to proceed to Tyre with the treasure and take ship there, he and his guard took Miriam with them, and, journeying easily, reached the city on the eighth day.

As it chanced their ship was not ready, so they camped on the outskirts of Ptolemy, and, by a strange accident, in that very garden which had been the property of Benoni. This place they reached after sunset one evening and set up their tents, that of Miriam and the old slave-woman being placed on the seashore next to the tent of her protector. This night she slept well, and being awakened at the dawn by the murmur of the sea among the rocks, went to the door of the tent and looked out. All the camp was sleeping, for here they had no enemy to fear, and a great calm lay upon the sea and land. Presently the mist lifted and the rays of

the rising sun poured across the blue ocean and its grey, bordering coast.

With that returning light, as it happened, the light returned also into Miriam's darkened mind. She became aware that the scene was familiar; she recognised the outlines of the proud and ancient island town. More, she remembered this garden; yes, there assuredly was the palm-tree beneath which she had often sat, and there the rock, under whose shadow grew white lilies, where she had rested with Nehushta when the Roman captain brought her the letter and the gifts from Marcus. Instinctively Miriam put her hand to her neck. About it still hung the collar of pearls, and on the pearls the ring which the slave-woman had found in her hair and tied there for safety. She took off the ring and placed it back upon her finger. Then she walked to the rock, sat down there and tried to think. But for this, as yet, her mind was not strong enough, for there rose up in it vision after vision of blood and fire, which crushed and overwhelmed her. All that went before the siege was clear, the rest one red confusion.

While she sat thus the Roman captain hobbled from his pavilion, resting on a crutch, for his leg was still lame and shrivelled. First he went to Miriam's tent to inquire after her of the old woman, as was his custom at the daybreak, then, learning that she had gone out of it, looked round for her. Presently he perceived her sitting in the shade of the rock gazing at the sea, and followed to join her.

"Good morning to you, daughter," he said. "How have you

slept after your long journey?" and paused, expecting to be answered with some babbling, gentle nonsense such as flowed from Miriam's lips in her illness. But instead of this she rose and stood before him looking confused. Then she replied:

"Sir, I think you, I have slept well; but tell me, is not yonder town Tyre, and is not this the garden of my grandfather Benoni, where I used to wander? Nay, how can it be? So long has passed since I walked in this garden, and so many things have happened—terrible, terrible things which I cannot remember," and she hid her eyes in her hand and moaned.

"Don't try to remember them," he said cheerfully. "There is so much in life that it is better to forget. Yes, this is Tyre sure enough. You could not recognise it last night because it was too dark, and this garden, I am told, did belong to Benoni. Who it belongs to now I do not know. To you, I suppose, and through you to Caesar."

Now while he spoke thus somewhat at random, for he was watching her all the while, Miriam kept her eyes fixed upon his face, as though she searched there for something which she could but half recall. Suddenly an inspiration entered into them and she said:

"Now I have it! You are the Roman captain Gallus who brought me the letter from—" and she paused, thrusting her hand into the bosom of her robe, then went on with something like a sob: "Oh! it is gone. How did it go? Let me think."

"Don't think," said Gallus; "there are so many things in the world that it is better not to think about. Yes, as it happens, I am that man, and some years ago I did bring you the letter from Marcus, called the Fortunate. Also, as it chanced, I never forgot your sweet face and knew it again at a time when it was well that you should find a friend. No, we won't talk about it now. Look, the old slave calls you. It is time that you should break your fast, and I also must eat and have my wound dressed. Afterwards we will talk."

All that morning Miriam saw nothing more of Gallus. Indeed, he did not mean that she should, since he was sure that her newfound sense ought not to be overstrained at first, lest it should break down again, never to recover. So she went out and sat alone by the garden beach, for the soldiers had orders to respect her privacy, and gazed at the sea.

As she sat thus in quiet, event by event the terrible past came back to her. She remembered it all now—their flight from Tyre; the march into Jerusalem; the sojourn in the dark with the Essenes; the Old Tower and what befell there; the escape of Marcus; her trial before the Sanhedrin; the execution of her sentence upon the gateway; and then that fearful night when the flames of the burning Temple scorched her very brain, and the sights and sounds of slaughter withered her heart. After this she could recall but one more thing—the vision of the majestic figure of Benoni standing against a background of black smoke upon the lofty cloister-roof and defying the Romans before he plunged headlong into the flames beneath. Of her rescue on the roof of the Gate Nicanor, of her being carried before Titus Caesar in the arms of Gallus, and of his judgment concerning her she recollected nothing. Nor, indeed, did she ever attain to a clear memory of those events, while the time between them and the recovery of her reason by the seashore in the garden at Tyre always remained a blank. That troubled fragment of her life was lost in the waters of oblivion.

At length the old woman came to summon Miriam to her mid-day meal, and led her, not to her own tent, but to that which was pitched to serve as an eating-place for the captain Gallus. As she went she saw knots of soldiers gathered across her path as though to intercept her, and turned to fly, for the sight of them brought back the terrors of the siege.

"Have no fear of them," said the old woman, smiling. "Ill would it go here with him who dared to lift a finger against their Pearl-Maiden."

"Pearl-Maiden! Why?" asked Miriam.

"That is what they call you, because of the necklace that was upon your breast when you were captured, which you wear still. As for why—well, I suppose because they love you, the poor sick thing they nursed. They have heard that you are better and gather to give you joy of it, that is all."

Sure enough the words were true, for, as Miriam approached, these rough legionaries cheered and clapped their hands, while one of them, an evil-looking fellow with a broken nose, who was said to have committed great cruelties during the siege, came forward bowing and presented her with a handful of wild flowers, which he must have collected with some trouble, since, at this season of the year they were not common. She took them, and being still weak, burst into tears.

"Why should you treat me thus," she asked, "who am, as I understand, but a poor captive?"

"Nay, nay," answered a sergeant with an uncouth oath. "It is we who are your captives, Pearl-Maiden, and we are glad, because your mind has come back to you, though, seeing how sweet you were without it, we do not know that it can better you very much."

"Oh! friends, friends," began Miriam, then once more broke down.

Meanwhile, hearing the disturbance, Gallus had come from his tent and was hobbling toward them, when suddenly he caught sight of the tears upon Miriam's face and broke out into such language as could only be used by a Roman officer of experience.

"What have you been doing to her, you cowardly hounds?" he shouted. "By Caesar and the Standards, if one of you has even said a word that she should not hear, he shall be flogged until the bones break through his skin!" and his very beard bristling with wrath, Gallus uttered a series of the most fearful imprecations upon the head of that supposed offender, his female ancestry, and his descendants.

"Your pardon, captain," said the sergeant, "but you are uttering many words that no maiden should hear."

"Do you dare to argue with me, you foul-tongued camp scavenger?" shouted Gallus. "Here, guard, lash him to that tree! Fear not, daughter, the insult shall be avenged; we will teach his dirty tongue to sing another tune," and again he cursed him, naming him by new names.

"Oh! sir, sir," broke in Miriam, "what are you about to do? This man offered me no insult, none of them offered me anything except kind words and flowers."

"Then how is it that you weep?" asked Gallus suspiciously.

"I wept, being still weak, because they who are conquerors were so kind to one who is a slave and an outcast."

"Oh!" said Gallus. "Well, guard, you need not tie him up this time, but after all I take back nothing that I have said, seeing that in this way or in that they did make you weep. What business had they to insult you with their kindness? Men, henceforth you will be so good as to remember that this maiden is the property of Titus Caesar, and after Caesar of myself, in whose charge he placed her. If you have any offerings to make to her, and I do not dissuade you from that practice, they must be made through me. Meanwhile, there is a cask of wine, that good old stuff from the Lebanon which I had bought for the voyage. If you should wish to drink the health of our—our captive, it is at your service."

Then taking Miriam by the hand he led her into the eating-tent, still grumbling at the soldiers, who for their part laughed and sent for the wine. They knew their captain's temper, who had served with him through many a fight, and knew also that this crazed Pearl-Maiden whom he had saved had twined herself into his heart, as was her fortune with most men of those among whom from time to time fate drove her to seek shelter.

In the tent Miriam found two places set, one for herself and one for the Captain Gallus.

"Don't talk to me," he said, "but sit down and eat, for little enough you have swallowed all the time you were sick, and we sail to-morrow evening at the latest, after which, unless you differ from most women, little enough will you swallow on these winter seas until it pleases whatever god we worship, to bring us to the coasts of Italy. Now here are oysters brought by runner from Sidon, and I command that you eat six of them before you say a word."

So Miriam ate the oysters obediently, and after the oysters fish, and after the fish the breast of a woodcock. But from the autumn lamb, roasted whole, which followed, she was forced to turn.

"Send it out to the soldiers," she suggested, and it was sent as her gift.

"Now, my captive," said Gallus, drawing his stool near to her, "I want you to tell me what you can remember of your story. Ah! you don't know that for many days past we have dined together and that it has been your fashion to sit with your arm round my old neck and call me your uncle. Nay, child, you need not blush, for I am more than old enough to be your father, let alone your uncle, and nothing but a father shall I ever be to you."

"Why are you so good to me?" asked Miriam.

"Why? Oh! for several reasons. First you were the friend of a comrade of mine who often talked of you, but who now is dead. Secondly, you were a sick and helpless thing whom I chanced to rescue in the great slaughter, and who ever since has been my companion; and thirdly—yes, I will tell you, though I do not love to talk of that matter—I had a daughter who died, and who, had she lived, would have been of about your age. Your eyes remind me of hers—there, is that not enough?"

"But now for the story. Stay. I will tell you what I know of it. Marcus, he whom they called The Fortunate, but whose fortune has deserted him, was in love with you—like the rest of us. Often he talked to me of you in Rome, where we were friends after a fashion, though he was set far above me, and by me sent to you that letter which I delivered here in this garden, and the trinket that you wear about your neck, and if I remember right, with it a ring—yes, it is upon your finger. Well, I took note of you at the time and went my way, and when I chanced to find you lately upon the top of the Gate Nicanor, although you were more like a half-burnt ember than a fair maiden, I knew you again and carried you off to Caesar, who named you his slave and bade me take charge of you and deliver you to him in Rome. Now I want to know how you came to be on that gateway."

So Miriam began and told him all her tale, while he listened patiently. When she had done he rose and, limping round the little table, bent over and kissed her solemnly upon the brow.

"By all the gods of the Romans, Greeks, Christians, Jews, and barbarian Nations, you are a noble-hearted woman," he said, "and that kiss is my tribute to you. Little wonder that puppy Marcus is called The Fortunate, since, even when he deserved to die who suffered himself to be taken alive, you appeared to save him—to save him, by Venus, at the cost of your own sweet self. Well, most noble traitress, what now?"

"I ask that question of you, Gallus, What now? Marcus, whom you should call no ill name, and who was overwhelmed through no fault of his own, fighting like a hero, has vanished—"

"Across the Styx, I fear me. Indeed that would be best for him, since no Roman must be taken prisoner and live."

"Nay, I think not, or at the least I hope he lives. My servant, Nehushta, would nurse him for my sake, and for my sake the Essenes, among whom I dwelt, would guard him, even to the loss of their own lives. Unless his wound killed him I believe that Marcus is alive to-day."

"And if that is so you wish to communicate with him?"

"What else, Gallus? Say, what fate will befall me when I reach Rome?"

"You will be kept safe till Titus comes. Then, according to his command, you must walk in his Triumph, and after that, unless he changes his mind, which is not likely, since he prides himself upon never having reversed a decree, however hastily it was made, or even added to or taken from a judgment, you must, alas! be set up in the Forum and sold as a slave to the highest bidder."

"Sold as a slave to the highest bidder!" repeated Miriam faintly. "That is a poor fate for a woman, is it not? Had it been that daughter of yours who died, for instance, you would have thought it a poor fate for her, would you not?"

"Do not speak of it, do not speak of it," muttered Gallus into his beard. "Well, in this, as in other things, let us hope that fortune will favour you."

"I should like Marcus to learn that I am to march in the Triumph, and afterwards to be set up in the Forum and sold as a slave to the highest bidder," said Miriam.

"You would like Marcus to learn—but, in the name of the gods, how is he to learn—if he still lives? Look you, we sail to-morrow night. What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to send a messenger to Marcus bearing a token from me to him."

"A messenger! What messenger? Who can find him? I can despatch a soldier, but your Marcus is with the Essenes, who for their own sakes will keep him fast enough as a hostage, if they have cured him. Also the Essenes live, according to your story, in some hyena-burrow, opening out of an underground quarry in Jerusalem, that is if they have not been discovered and killed long ago. How, then, will any soldier find their hiding-place?"

"I do not think that such a man would find it," answered Miriam, "but I have friends in this city, and if I could come at them I might discover one who would meet with better fortune. You know that I am a Christian who has been brought up among the Essenes, both of them persecuted people that have their secrets. If I find a Christian or an Essene he would take my message and—unless he was killed—deliver it."

Now Gallus thought a while, then he said, "If I were to go out in Tyre asking for Christians or Essenes, none would appear. As well might a stork go out and call upon a frog. But that old slave-woman, who has tended on me and you, she is cunning in her way, and if I promised to set her at liberty should she succeed, well, perhaps she might succeed. Stay, I will summon her," and he left the tent.

Some minutes later he returned, bringing the slave with him.

"I have explained the matter to this woman, Miriam," he said, "and I think that she understands, and can prove to any who are willing to visit you, that they will have a free pass in to and out of the camp, and need fear no harm. Tell her, then, where she is to go and whom she must seek."

So Miriam told the woman, saying, "Tell any Essene whom you can find that she who is called their Queen, bids his presence, and if he asks more, give him this word—'The sun rises.' Tell any Christian whom you can find, that Miriam, their sister, seeks him, and if he asks more, give him this word—'The dawn comes.' Do you understand?"

"I understand," answered the woman.

"Then go," said Gallus, "and be back by nightfall, remembering that if you fail, in place of liberty you travel to Rome, whence you will return no more."

"My lord, I go," answered the woman beating her forehead with her hand and bowing herself from their presence.

By nightfall she was back again with the tidings that no Christian seemed to be left in Tyre, all had fled to Pella, or elsewhere. Of the Essenes, however, she had found one, a minor brother of the name of Samuel, who, on hearing that Miriam was the captive, and receiving the watchword, said that he would visit the camp after dark, although he greatly feared that this might be some snare set to catch him.

After dark he came accordingly and was led by the old woman, who waited outside to meet him, to the tent where Miriam sat with Gallus. This Samuel proved to be a brother of the lowest order of the Essenes whom, although he knew of her, Miriam had never seen. He had been absent from the village by the Jordan at the time of the flight of the sect, having come to Tyre by leave of the Court to bid farewell to his mother, who was on her deathbed. Hearing that the brethren had fled, and his mother being still alive, he had remained in Tyre instead of seeking to rejoin them at Jerusalem, thus escaping the terrors of the siege. That was all his story. Now, having buried his mother, he desired to rejoin the brotherhood, if any of them were left alive.

When, Gallus having left the tent, since it was not lawful that she should speak of their secrets in the presence of any man who was not of the order, Miriam, having satisfied herself that he was in truth a brother, told this Samuel all she knew of the hiding-place of the Essenes beyond the ancient quarry, and asked him if he was willing to try to seek it out. He said yes, for he desired to find them; also he was bound to give her what help he could, since should the brethren discover that he had refused it he would be expelled their Order. Then, having pledged him to be faithful to her trust, not by oath, which the Essenes held unlawful, but in accordance to their secret custom that was known to her, she took from her hand the ring that Marcus had sent her, bidding him find out the Essenes, and, if their Roman prisoner was yet alive and with them, to deliver it to him with a message telling him of her fate and whither she had gone. If he was dead, or not to be found anywhere, then he was to deliver the ring to the Libyan woman named Nehushta, with the same message. If he could not find her either, then to her uncle Ithiel, or, failing him, to whoever was president of the Essenes, with the same message, praying any or all of them to succour her in her troubles, should that be possible. At the least they were to let her have tidings at the house of Gallus, the captain, in Rome, where he proposed to place her in charge of his wife until the time came for her to be handed over to Titus and to walk in the Triumph. Moreover, in case the brother should forget, she wrote a letter that he might deliver to any of those for whom she gave the message. In this letter Miriam set out briefly all that had befallen her since that night of parting in the Old Tower, and by the help of Gallus, whom now she recalled to the tent, the particulars of her rescue and of the judgment of Caesar upon her person, ending it with these words:

"If it be the will of God and your will, O you who may read this letter, haste, haste to help me, that I may escape the shame more sore than death that awaits me yonder in Rome."

This letter she signed, "Miriam, of the house of Benoni," but she did not write upon it the names of those to whom it was addressed, fearing lest it should fall into other hands and bring trouble upon them.

Then Gallus asked the man Samuel what money he needed for his journey and as a reward for this service. He answered that it was against his rule to take any money, who was bound to help those under the protection of the Order without reward or fee, whereas Gallus stared and said that there were stranger folk in this land than in any others that he knew, and they were many.

So Samuel, having bowed before Miriam and pressed her hand



in a certain fashion in token of brotherhood and fidelity, was led out of the camp again, nor did she ever see him more. Yet, as it proved, he was a faithful messenger, and she did well to trust him.

Next day, at the prayer of Miriam, Gallus also wrote a letter, which gave him much trouble, to a friend of his, who was a brother officer with the army at Jerusalem, enclosing one to be handed to Marcus if perchance he should have rejoined the Standards.

"Now, daughter," he said, "we have done all that can be done, and must leave the rest to fate."

"Yes," she answered with a sigh, "we must leave the rest to fate, as you Romans call God."

In the evening they set sail for Italy, and with them much of the captured treasure, many sick and wounded men and a guard of soldiers. As it chanced, having taken the sea after the autumn gales and before those of mid-winter began, they had a swift and prosperous voyage, enduring no hardships save once from want of water. Within thirty days they came to Rhegium, whence they marched overland to Rome, being received everywhere very gladly by people who were eager for tidings of the war.

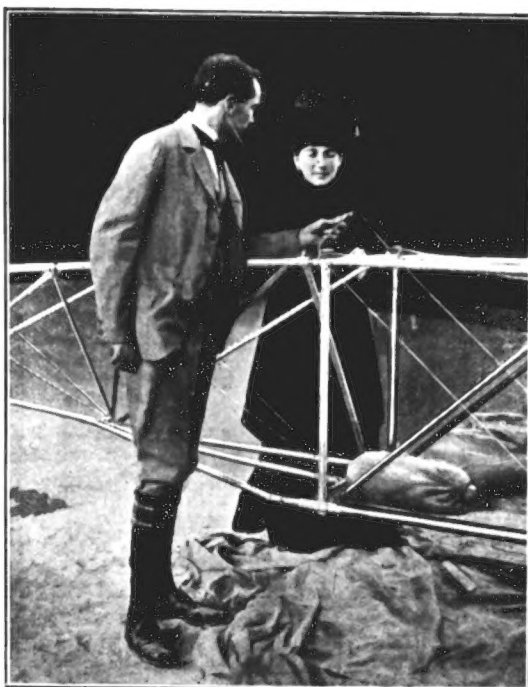
(To be continued)

## The Paris Airship Disaster

THE tragic fate of M. de Bradsy and his engineer, M. Morin, is calculated to encourage the superstitious. Not only did he start from the same balloon-house as the unfortunate Señor Severo, the Brazilian aeronaut, who was killed six months ago, but he chose the 13th day of the month for his ill-fated expedition. What makes the accident the more regrettable is that M. de Bradsy, if he had come safely to ground, would have made yet another contribution to the conquest of the air. His airship was not a balloon in the ordinary sense of the word. When fully inflated, with its passengers on board, it remained suspended in the air a few feet from the ground. The airship was armed with a vertical propeller, which, when put in motion, drove the balloon upwards. This was a new departure, and its success was a subject of congratulation among the aeronautic experts who witnessed the start of the airship. It is, therefore, doubly regrettable that the catastrophe took place, as it may discourage other aeronauts following in M. de Bradsy's footsteps.

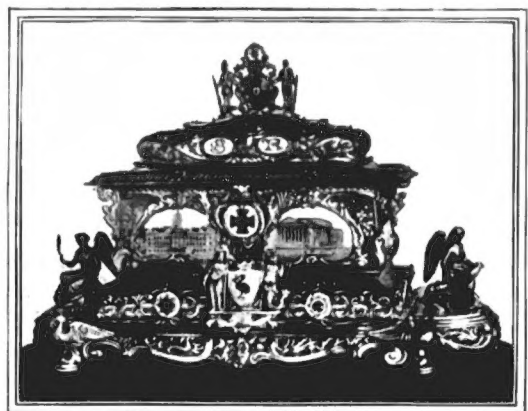
One of our pictures shows M. de Bradsy talking with his wife before leaving on what proved to be his last aerial trip. Another photograph gives a good idea of the construction of the machine. The frame of the car consisted entirely of steel tubes, was shaped like a canoe, was nearly seventeen metres in length, and weighed 350 kilogrammes (about 770lb.), including all its fittings. The propeller, which was four metres in diameter, and made 350 revolutions a minute, was fixed, together with the steering apparatus, in the stern of the airship, as in M. Santos Dumont's balloon. The car was attached to the balloon itself by means of steel ropes fastened all round the envelope, a little below the centre band, which was thirty-four metres in length and six metres at its greatest breadth. The disaster is said to have been caused by the snapping or untwisting of the steel ropes. When the motor struck the ground, at Stains, near St. Denis, it pierced the soil to a depth of twenty-five centimetres. All the steel tubes were twisted and broken. The oil reservoirs were flattened and the screws smashed to pieces.

"THERE is no country," writes our Paris correspondent, "where the mania for erecting statues exists to a greater extent than France. Sometimes they are erected to famous men, but more often to mediocrities. Paris is dotted with statues as if they had been strewn out of a pepper-caster. But the French capital is threatened with a new terror, viz., an exchange of monuments with foreign countries. Some time ago the inhabitants of Madrid started a subscription to erect a statue to Voltaire, and now the movement is on foot to put up a monument to Cervantes in the *Ville lumière*. This is not all. A committee has been formed to perpetuate Castelar in bronze, and as Señor Adolfo Calzodo, the well-known banker and member of the Cortes, has put himself at the head of the movement, there is every chance that the statue will soon be ready for its pedestal. Alexandre Dumas fils, who had little sympathy with the mania of his fellow-countrymen for "statuefying" local mediocrities,



M. DE BRADSKY TALKING TO HIS WIFE BEFORE STARTING

made a practical proposal to prevent Paris being rendered hideous by obtrusive monuments. He suggested that a sort of general depot of statues should be established, and that they should be in turn placed on the pedestals in the public squares. Each would be given a week, and then it would be replaced by another local celebrity.



The casket presented by Liverpool to Lord Roberts with the freedom of the city is of gold. The base is of solid silver gilt, with allegorical groups at the ends representing War and Peace. This casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., Regent Street, W.

GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO LORD ROBERTS BY THE CITY OF LIVERPOOL

By these means fifty-two statues could be exhibited each year. Everybody would be satisfied, and the æsthetic sense of the Parisians would not be shocked by the constant additions of effigies of doubtful artistic value."

## The Court

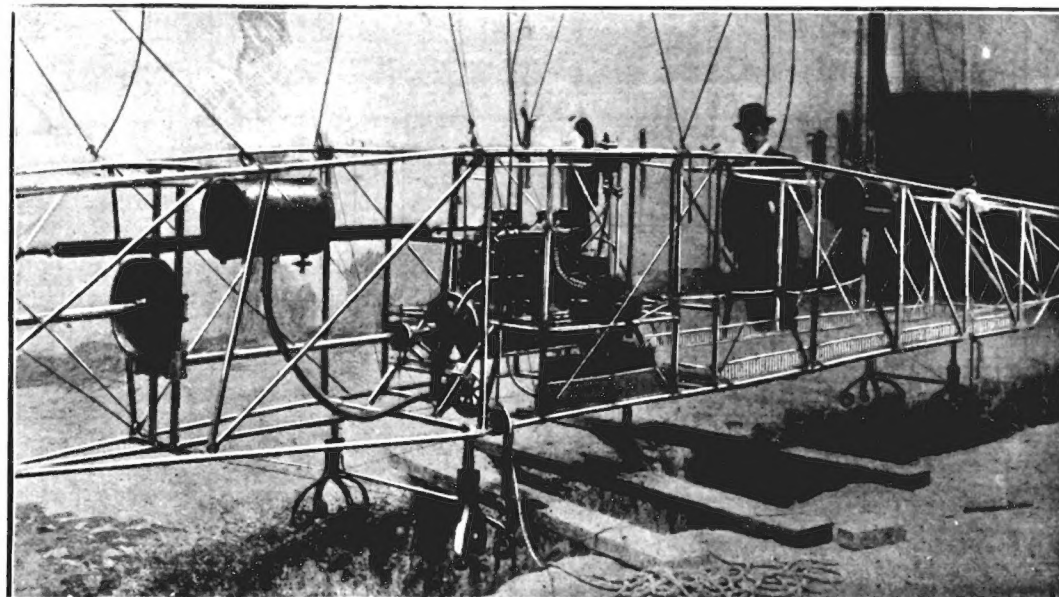
WHEN King Edward was a youth of eighteen, studying at the Edinburgh University, first visited North Berwick, on the Firth of Forth, it was only a little fishing village of some two streets and a few residential villas. After forty-three years' interval His Majesty has been staying there with Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, at their house, The Knoll, and found the little village become a big watering-place and golfing centre, gay with flags and decorations and cheering crowds. The King had come from Balmoral, stopping on the way at Ferryhill Junction to present Distinguished Service Medals to three Gordon Highlanders—Sergeant-Major Nelson, Colour-Sergeant Currie, and Lance-Corporal Edmonstone. Prince and Princess Edward, Lord Haddington as Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and the Lord Provost, received His Majesty, while the school-children were gathered outside to sing the National Anthem as the King drove off to The Knoll. There was a dinner-party in the evening, with the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe and Mr. Balfour among the guests. In spite of dull, cold weather, King Edward was out early next morning with his host to inspect the golf-links, North Berwick's great feature. His Majesty walked through the Marine Gardens to the first tee on the ladies' links, where he met various golfing experts, and had presented to him the professional, Ben Sayers, from whom the King had ordered a complete set of golf clubs. Next King Edward drove to Carl Kemp—a house further along the links, for a view of the Firth, and then came back into the town to plant a memorial tree in the little square. Crowds watched the proceedings and sang the National Anthem when the planting was finished. After lunch the King drove with Mr. Balfour in his motor-car to the Premier's house, Whittinghame, to meet a family party, and then went on to Lord Haddington's seat, Tynninghame, for tea. Tynninghame Woods are some of the most beautiful in Scotland, and fully support the belief of their planter, Thomas, the sixth earl, some two centuries ago, that trees will flourish close to the sea. He planted a bleak tract of moorland, and some of his holly hedges are still in fine condition. The King strolled through the gardens and planted an oak before being driven home to The Knoll by Mr. Balfour, and enjoying a fine view of North Berwick brightly illuminated. The King's visit to North Berwick was mainly a birthday visit to his old friend, Prince Edward, who is just seventy-nine, and His Majesty only stayed two days, leaving for town on Saturday morning. His arrival at King's Cross was perfectly private, but there was a big crowd waiting to welcome him.

The King had been away from town for just two months, and he will now only be in London for short visits at intervals until February next. On Sunday King Edward attended the morning Service at the Marlborough Chapel, and afterwards His Majesty received Prince John George of Saxony, who came over to formally announce the accession of his father, King George, to the Saxon Throne. The Prince stayed to lunch with the King, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught with their daughters, and Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly also joining the party, and later King Edward received the Prince's suite, who had lunched with the Household. His Majesty also paid the Prince a return visit at his hotel and gave several audiences during the afternoon. Next day the King received Lord Kitchener to take leave on his departure for India, and gave a luncheon in his honour, when the United States Ambassador, with several American officers and Lord Roberts were among the guests. Afterwards King Edward invested Lord Kitchener and his South African Staff with the King's South African Medal. On Tuesday His Majesty went down to Newmarket for the October races, staying at his Jockey Club rooms. The King will have a day's shooting at Six Mile Bottom with the Duke of Cambridge before returning to town.

Queen Alexandra's stay in Denmark is nearly over, and the family gathering at Bernstorff Castle will soon disperse. The King of Greece was the first to go, being seen off by Queen Alexandra and all the members of the Royal house. Her Majesty



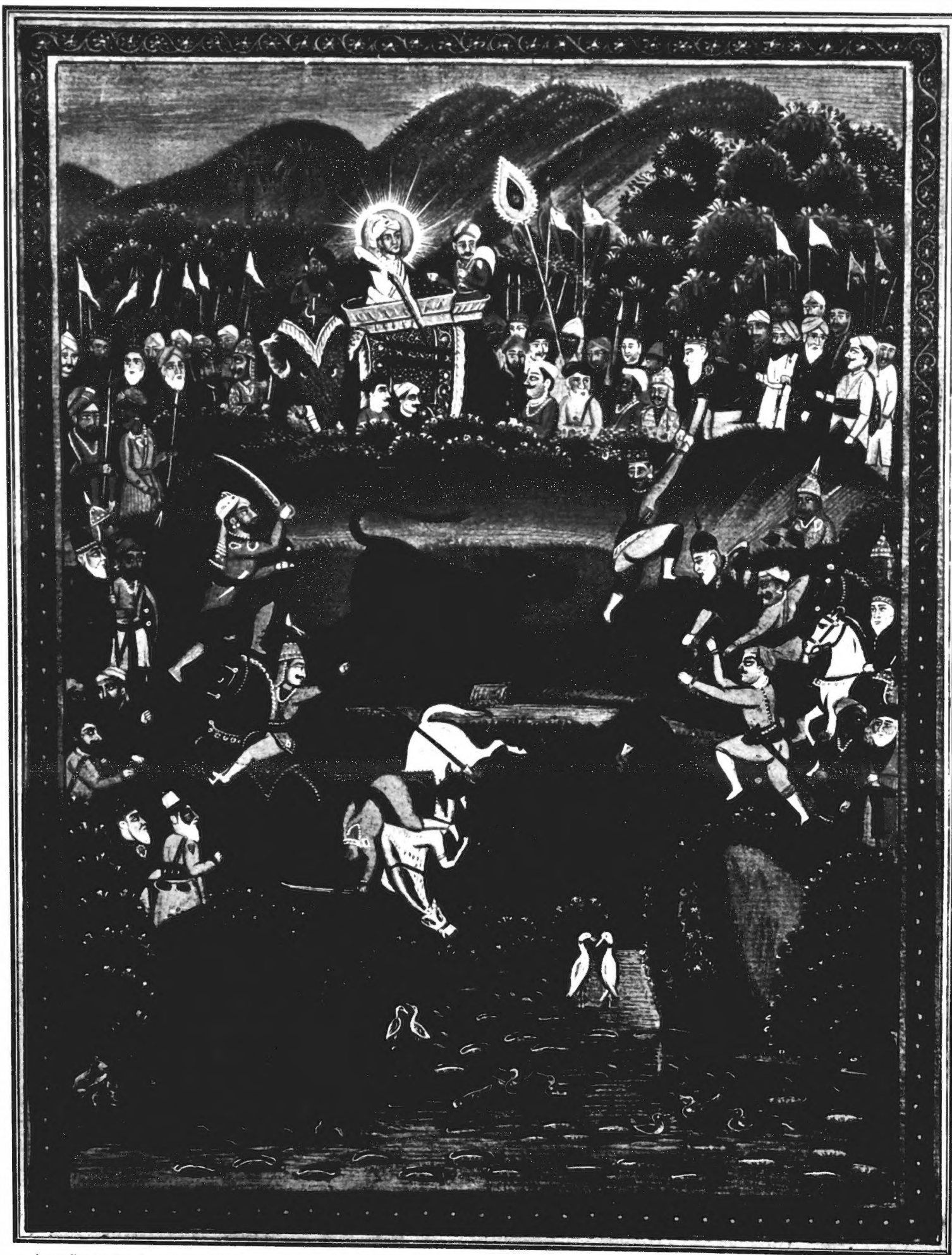
M. DE BRADSKY AND M. DE MORIN READY TO START



VIEW OF THE CAR SHOWING THE MOTOR AND THE PLATFORM

## THE PARIS AIRSHIP DISASTER

From Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, and V. Gribayeff, Paris



A crowding together of scenes, impossible in nature, is a peculiar feature in most forms of ancient art, and especially in native Indian art. In the present instance a modern Indian artist has adhered to the traditions of past centuries, and has represented a rhinoceros hunt of nearly

two hundred years ago, in which mountain and river, waterfowl and rabbits are brought into singular proximity. The dress of the period is well represented, but modern guns have apparently been introduced.

SPORT IN INDIAN ART: A RHINOCEROS HUNT OF TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO





DRAWN BY P. DE HAENEN

In the Spreewald, which is fifteen to twenty miles from Berlin, there still remain some of the original Silesian inhabitants, the Wends. They preserve their Wend language and costume. The women and girls wear large head-dresses. The girls do not cover their hair. Perhaps this is why so many merchants travel to the Spreewald to buy hair.

mind much parting with an adornment which is not seen. The merchants buy the locks of young girls of between twelve and seventeen years of age. They pay their parents for it. Prices vary from thirty to ninety shillings. This trade is an important German industry, since Germany exports hair to all the principal cities of Europe. As time goes on it becomes more

# HUMAN HAIR MERCHANTS IN THE SPREEWALD, NEAR BERLIN

and more difficult to supply the market, so great is the demand. The neighbourhood of the Spreewald provides the supply, and the women there can always get the best prices. The merchants cut off the girls' locks in the village inn and pay for them there, and as a matter of custom give the sellers a drink of schnaps.

FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOFMANN

had previously accompanied her brother to see his estate on the Sound, Smidstrupgaard, near Elsinore. The evenings have been very gay at the castle, a birthday dinner being given one night in honour of Prince Harald, third son of the Crown Prince and Princess, and a private concert another evening, when all the members of the Royal family either sang or played, Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia taking the piano and the Tsarevitch playing the flute. Her Majesty has been much pleased by receiving a list of the Danish volunteers who served on the British side in the Boer campaign, and she will probably give audience to several of them before leaving Denmark.

On his way to India for the Delhi Durbar, the Duke of Connaught will take the opportunity to attend the inauguration of the great Assuan Dam on the Nile early in December, the Khedive and a large party being present. The Duke and Duchess will travel overland to Genoa or Naples to join the British warship, which takes them to Alexandria by December 6. They are due at Bombay on December 27. The Grand Duke of Hesse is also going to the Durbar.

When the German Emperor finishes his visit to the King at Sandringham he will go up to Cumberland to stay with Lord and Lady Lonsdale at Lowther Castle, Penrith. Emperor William was there seven years ago, a fine bust of His Majesty, sent to his host and hostess as a surprise, being now in the drawing-room as a memento of his visit. He will plant a "Coronation tree" during his visit, and hopes to get some good grouse-shooting, as he had his first experience of the sport when staying at the Castle.

Miss Florence Marks had the honour to be received at Buckingham Palace by His Majesty to submit to him the portrait she is painting of Field-Marshal H.S.H. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, which is to be one of the collection of contemporary notabilities which the King is forming for St. James's Palace.

## The Royal Procession

STATE functions so rarely take place in town in the autumn that next week will show London unusually full for October. So heavy, indeed, is the programme that it has been found necessary to make sundry alterations. Preparations for the City



MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A., AT WORK ON THE STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE, WHICH WAS UNVEILED AT GLASGOW LAST SATURDAY  
From a Photo by Ernest H. Mills

visit on the 25th advance well, and the decorations are nearly all settled, while it has been decided that the troops lining the route shall muster between 20,000 and 30,000. The King and Queen will not drive in the heavy State coach, but in the

new open carriage originally built for the June procession. This has a hood in case of bad weather, is hung high so that the occupants can be well seen, and will be horsed by either bays or creams. The Prince of Wales will ride on the King's side and the Duke of Connaught on the Queen's, and there will be a big escort of the Household Cavalry besides numerous mounted officers in the procession. As the route through South London afterwards is fairly long, their Majesties will not remain much over an hour at the Guildhall. There will be very little outside show for the visit to St. Paul's for the Thanksgiving Service, as the King and Queen will be in an ordinary carriage with only a small cavalry escort. On the other hand, the review of Guards, on the 27th, promises to prove a fine spectacle. No such review of the Guards alone has been held since Queen Victoria inspected them on their return from the Crimea, over half a century ago, for when Her Majesty reviewed them on coming home from the Egyptian campaign, in 1882, the Guards were only a part of the main body. Only those who have served in South Africa will parade before the King, while their comrades at home will line the ground, but so great is the number that the review must take place on the Horse Guards' Parade, instead of in Buckingham Palace grounds, as first proposed. The medals are not likely to be ready for distribution by then. Altogether, the arrangements will resemble those at the Birthday Parades, the King and Prince being on horseback, while the Queen and Princesses watch from the windows above. These functions over, the King will go to Sandringham; but before leaving town he hopes to visit the Millbank Dwellings erected by the L.C.C. for the working classes, His Majesty having, as Prince of Wales, taken the greatest interest in the housing question.

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MR. ST. GEORGE HARE's picture, "Listen!" which forms the subject of our coloured supplement, provides material for a multitude of conjectures as to what may have caused the fair maiden he so charmingly portrays to utter the startled exclamation which forms the title of the picture. That the sound she has just heard is welcome is manifest from her pleased expression. Possibly the strain of some familiar tune; possibly the footfall of her chosen swain; possibly—but we will speculate no further, and content ourselves with remarking that whatever may be the cause the effect has been to provide the painter with a delightful subject for his pencil.



PAINT BY F. C. DICKINSON

A terrible disaster happened about 3.30 a.m. on September 12, on the North-West line of the Madras Railway. The Bombay mail train, consisting of an engine, tender and five coaches, a postal van, and two brake vans, was wrecked owing to the bridge near Mangapatnam Station, 20½ miles from Madras, having been washed away by a sudden flood. The scene of the accident was terrible, there being thunder and lightning and heavy rain. There was a strong stream running at the time of

the disaster, and at daylight only the rear brake van, one 3rd-class bogie and a portion of a 1st-class composite carriage were left to be seen. The remainder of the train was in a heap of debris under the composite carriage, and near by was the mail van on its side. The stone pillar of the bridge was to be seen about 150 yards down stream, and about fifty yards down the two iron girders with the rails still attached. Fifty-five people were killed and a number were injured.

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN G. W. R. FORSTER

## THE COLLAPSE OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE IN MADRAS





"LISTEN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ST. GEORGE HARE, R.I.

had previously accompanied her brother to see his estate on the island, Smidstrupgaard, near Elsinore. The evenings have been very merry at the castle, a birthday dinner being given on the 14th in honour of Prince Harald, third son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, and a private concert another evening, when all the members of the Royal family either sang or played. Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia taking the piano and the Tsarevitch playing the flute. Her Majesty has been much pleased by receiving a list of the Danish volunteers who served on the Boer campaign, and she will present it to the King and several of them before leaving Denmark.

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## THE COLLAPSE OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE IN MADRAS





"LISTEN"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS, R.C.









PRIVATE WILLIAM HOUSE  
Awarded the V.C.



MR. NAUROJEE MANECKJEE WADIA  
Parsee Millionaire Philanthropist



THE LATE LORD CRANWORTH  
A well-known Norfolk Peer



THE LATE DR. J. H. GLADSTONE  
Scientist and Philanthropist

### Our Portraits

DR. JOHN HALL GLADSTONE, F.R.S., who died suddenly last week, was a well-known figure at the meetings of the British Association. He was a scientific writer without being a professional man of science, devoting his leisure and means to the pursuit of scientific studies. Dr. Gladstone was born in 1827. He studied chemistry at University College, London, and at Gießen. He took the degree of Ph.D. in 1848, lectured on Chemistry at St. Thomas's Hospital from 1850 to 1852, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1853. He was a member of the Royal Commission on Lighthouses, Buoys, and Beacons from 1859 to 1862; a member of the Gun-Cotton Committee appointed by the War Office from 1864 to 1868; Fullerian Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institute from 1874 to 1877; and had been President of the Physical Society and of the Chemical Society. He was constantly engaged in scientific research, and yet found time to devote himself to various philanthropic and religious movements. For twenty-one years he was a member of the London School Board, for three years of which he was vice-chairman. He was author of "The Biography of Michael Faraday" and of several pamphlets and articles.

Particulars have already been published of the munificent gift to the public made by Mr. Naurojee Maneckjee Wadia, C.I.E., J.P., a Parsee millionaire of Bombay. It will be remembered that Mr. Wadia has set aside a sum of nearly a crore of rupees, equivalent to a million pounds sterling, the interest of which will be devoted to give relief to those who find themselves suddenly deprived of their means of subsistence by great calamities, such as a fire, famine, or earthquake. In order that his charity should be far-reaching in its effects, the scope of the trust will not be confined to one place or country, but will be extended to all parts of the world. Mr. Wadia belongs to an ancient Parsee family of shipwrights, who have, during the course of a century and a half, built 350 men-of-war and other vessels. The Wadias rendered yeoman services to the French Government, and as an act of recognition Napoleon Bonaparte presented the great-grandfather of the present Mr. Wadia with the Legion of Honour, and his grandfather was awarded a gold medal by Louis Philippe. Mr. Naurojee Wadia's mother, who died in 1895, was a most charitable lady, and during her life gave away no less than Rs. 26,00,000 for philanthropic purposes. Mr. Wadia was born in 1837, and has been doing extensive business with Europe ever since he was twenty years of age. He made a tour through France and England in Parsee dress in 1863. Napoleon III. invited him to his palace, and two years later presented him with a gold medal. The British Government decorated him with a C.I.E. Following the example of his mother, Mr. Naurojee Wadia has given away large sums of money in charity, and he lately headed the Bombay Marquette Relief Fund with a donation of Rs. 5,000. Our portrait is by Lair, Bombay.

Robert Thornhugh Gordon, first Baron Cranworth, died on Monday at his residence, Letton Hall, Thetford, at the age of seventy-three. Educated at Eton (where he was captain of the school), and at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was called to the Bar in 1856, and practised in the Norfolk Circuit. He sat for South Norfolk as a Liberal from 1880 to 1886, and as a Liberal Unionist from 1886-92. He was again elected for Mid-Norfolk in 1895, and was made a peer in 1899. He was chairman of Quarter Sessions and of the Norfolk County Council, and is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Bertram Francis Gordon, who was born in 1877, and has served with the Norfolk Artillery Militia in South Africa. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

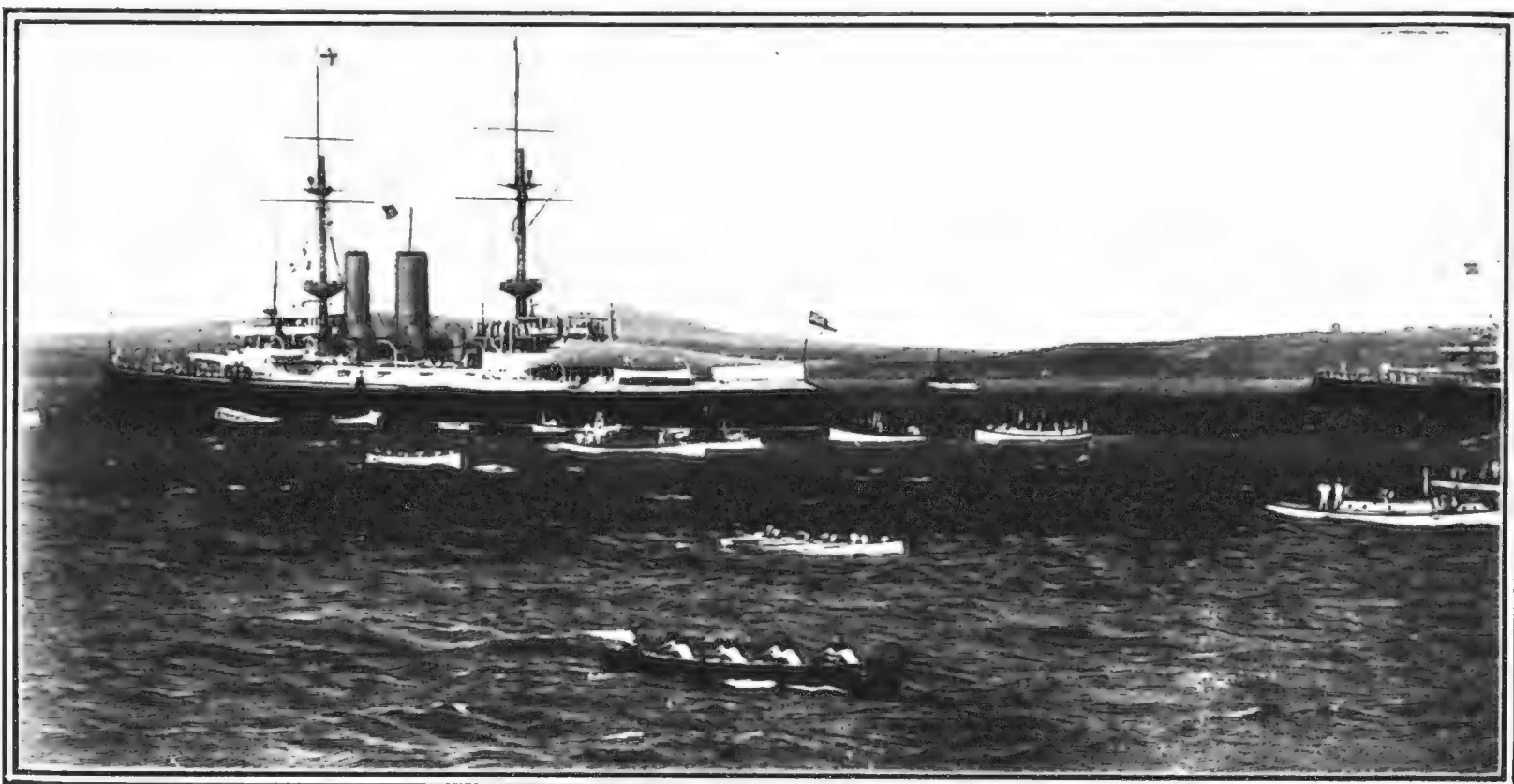
The King has signified his intention of conferring the Victoria Cross on Private William House, of the 2nd Battalion Berkshire Regiment. During the attack on Mosilikatse Nek, on August 2, 1900, when a sergeant, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, was wounded, Private House rushed out from cover though cautioned not to do so, as the fire from the enemy was very hot, picked up the wounded sergeant, and endeavoured to bring him into shelter, in doing which Private House was himself severely wounded. He, however, warned his comrades not to come to his assistance, the fire being so severe. Our portrait is by Ernest Jenkins, Reading.



Lord Rosebery visited Glasgow last Saturday, to unveil a statue of Mr. Gladstone, erected by public subscription in George Square. In his address Lord Rosebery remarked that the three signal qualities which made Mr. Gladstone what he was were faith, industry and courage. Lord Rosebery dwelt upon and illustrated each of these attributes of Mr. Gladstone's character. History had not yet allotted him his definite place, but no one would now deny that he bequeathed a pure standard of life, a record of lofty ambition for the public good as he understood it, a monument of life-long labour. Such lives spoke for themselves. They embodied an inspiring tradition; they were milestones in the life of a nation.

LORD ROSEBERY UNVEILING A STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE AT GLASGOW

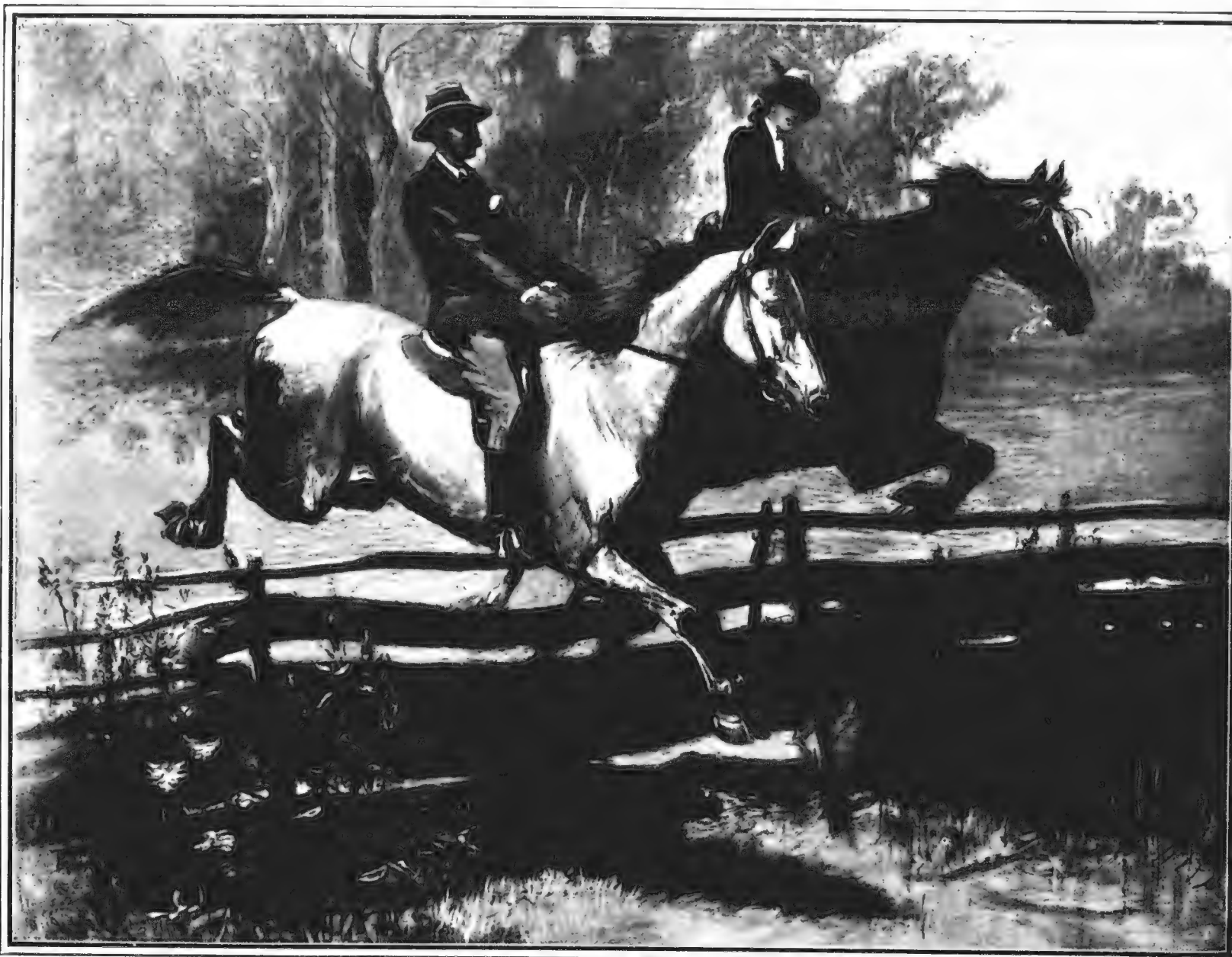
DRAWN BY J. DUNCAN



A regatta is held every year by the Mediterranean Fleet. It is confined to officers and men of the fleet, and takes place off the harbour near which the vessels happen to be at the time. This year the squadron was off Lemnos, and there was held the regatta, which lasted two days. There was a large

number of entries for the various events. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by Stephen Cribb, Southsea, shows the galleys of the *Ramillies*, *Andromeda* and *Cesar* racing in the "All Comers" event, which was won by the *Ramillies*.

THE "ALL COMERS" RACE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET REGATTA



A SKETCH ON A SHEEP STATION IN THE GOULBURN DISTRICT, NEW SOUTH WALES

"A SHORT CUT HOME"

DRAWN BY FRANCIS P. MAHONY



## The Mongol's Last Ride

THE wild nomad tribes who range over the vast country known as Mongolia have been celebrated for their horsemanship from the earliest days of history, when they swept across Asia and down through Central Europe, leaving tracks never to be effaced. In the mother country of the race, Tibet, and in the deserts of Mongolia, the tribes of wild horsemen have altered very little with the march of the centuries, but of late years they have been reduced to a certain degree of order, and, lacking the outlet formerly provided for their superfluous energies by wars and inter-tribal raids, they are likely to lose much of their old spirit and characteristic customs.

The hereditary aristocracy play a great part in Mongolian life, and even among the wildest nomad tribes "princes" and "dukes" are quite common. The "princes," it may be noted, have for some time past been little more than the pensioners of the suzerain, China, receiving a small yearly revenue, in return for which they are bound to furnish military service if called upon. Beyond the possession of a more numerous flock, finer sheepskin coats and a larger tent, it is difficult to see what privileges are conferred, by rank. The expression, "a beggar on horseback"—to denote a ludicrous or incongruous sight—would have no meaning in Mongolia, for prince and beggar alike ride everywhere.

The summer-time, when the cattle are out grazing, is spent in riding from tent to tent, drinking tea and gossiping, and it is only in the autumn and winter, when the camels have to be employed for transport service, that the Mongol does any hard work. Every Mongol is a born horseman, and he herds his flocks of sheep, goats and camels on horseback, being able, it is said, to keep his seat even when intoxicated, as he is not infrequently. Horse racing is an extremely popular amusement, the number of entries for each race being enormous, and a kind of polo is played in which the place of the ball is taken by a fat sheep, held in the arms of one of the players, from which the others try to snatch it.

There is, in fact, no circumstance of Mongol life in which horsemanship does not play a part. Courtship and marriage take place on horseback, a simulated chase and abduction of the bride constituting the ceremony of the latter, while even in the last scene of life's drama the "ruling passion strong in death" is frequently shown in the funeral obsequies. As a rule, the Chinese burial rites are followed in the case of the chief lamas and princes, who, placed in coffins, are buried in tombs on the steppes, before which the descendants of the deceased have to worship as prescribed by



GOLF IN EGYPT: A ZULU CADDY

custom. The poorest people, and even the lower order of lamas are, however, merely taken out some little distance from the village or encampment, and thrown in some small ravine, to become the prey of wild beasts or dogs—a custom common throughout both Mongolia and Tibet. The bodies of chief lamas are usually burnt, and the ashes covered by small mounds or cairns known as *nohos* or *obos*, a custom partly due to the Shamanistic practice of making sacred heaps or cairns, to which it is an act of piety to add a stone.

The method of burial most congenial to the wild free soul of the Mongol is, however, that which is so repugnant to our Western ideas, and yet there is something weirdly characteristic about the scene. The dead man, wrapped in his blanket, is taken from his *yurta*, or felt tent, in the still hours of the night, when the cold air blows keenly across the bleak, open steppes. Four companions mounted on their rough wiry little ponies bear him up, and at a mad, wild gallop the little band sweeps across the plain towards some distant hills. Frequently the lean prairie dogs of the village follow the funeral *cortège*, and a black cloud of ravens, known to the people as the "Mongol's sepulchres," hangs round the hills. Once at the appointed place there is little more to do; a last farewell to their comrade, and the little band is in the saddle again, speeding back to the cluster of tents, or rudely built town, at full gallop, with only a stoical regret for the stiff, stark figure out there on the hills, with glassy eyes staring up to the star-spangled sky. Each man knows that the time will come when he too must take this terrible last ride, but with Oriental philosophy he says, "If God wills it, what can we do?"

## A Zulu Caddy

IN any part of the world, where Englishmen or Scotchmen are to be met, there are nearly always to be found links and enthusiastic players. One of the consequences resulting from this universal introduction of the game into countries like Egypt, India and the Cape is that players come in contact with strange caddies. Black boys of all races seem to take to the game enthusiastically, and they soon learn to play with skill. Our photograph, taken in Egypt by Major Nott, is of a Zulu boy who was an expert player, and one of the best of caddies, his sight being remarkably keen. He had been brought to Egypt from his own country by an officer in the Army, and was very proud of the fact that he was a Zulu and not a Soudanese. He could splice broken clubs in such a marvellous manner that they were in many cases better than before being broken.



DRAWN BY FRED WHITING

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

"HIS LAST RIDE": THE FUNERAL OF A MONGOL



"THE DUST FIEND": A MOTOR-CAR IN A COUNTRY

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON





A MOTOR-CAR IN A COUNTRY ROAD

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE, LADY WARWICK'S YOUNGEST CHILD



THE WARWICK VASE



LADY WARWICK AND MISS BRADLEY, THE WARDEN OF THE HOSTELS

### Lady Warwick at Home

Of the "Stately Homes of England," none is more dignified or more laden with memories of the past, or more delightfully charming with the actualities of the present, than Warwick Castle. The whole neighbourhood of Warwick is redolent of history and romance. Coventry is not far with its memories of Godiva, Kenilworth is near, and the Avon wanders through on its way to Stratford; but our present purpose is with the Castle and its inmates, and one inmate in particular, Lady Warwick, more familiarly known to many as "the beautiful Lady Brooke."

Entering the grounds under an embattled tower, and passing along a sunken carriage-way, with luxuriant trees and ferns on either hand, we came upon a small bridge which has evidently spanned a moat. Crossing, we found ourselves under the main entrance tower, which must have been a formidable fortification at one time. Its portcullis still exists, one of the few remaining in England; and as we noted its projecting teeth we were instantly, in thought, carried back to those stirring times when battles were fought hand to hand, and the jamming of a portcullis might mean ruin and capture. We emerged from this gateway into the spacious courtyard of the castle to be assailed by the strident cry of a peacock, of which bird there are upwards of forty in the grounds, of all ages and varieties.

Passing through a rather insignificant doorway, we found ourselves in the spacious and imposing hall, with its trophies of war and chase, and its windows overlooking the river Avon flowing through the picturesque grounds. Here we were received by Lady Marjorie, the winsome daughter of the house, who explained that "mother had a very tiring day yesterday, and has not yet come down. She will be with you shortly."

As we saw for ourselves later, with the work Lady Warwick gets through, it is no wonder that she often feels the effect of a "tiring day." Whatever disappointment we felt at this postponement, even for so short a time, was dispelled by Lady Marjorie constituting herself the most charming and interesting guide possible to the Castle and its surroundings. She pointed out the beauties of the celebrated Cedar Room, so called from all the panelling being of cedar wood. The outside walls of this room are eight feet thick. The pictures are mostly by Vandyck, and consequently of priceless value. There are portraits of "Charles the Martyr" and his Queen Henrietta, of Graham, Marquis of Montrose, and many worthies of the olden time.

Other rooms of varying size and style, with their numerous paintings, became doubly interesting under such guidance. Thus pleasantly passed the time until Lady Warwick herself appeared and took us for a walk round the grounds and to luncheon, which was laid in a marquee, as a large party of "girls" from the Lady Warwick Hostels, at Reading, were on a visit for the day. As a matter of fact, Lady Warwick expressed regret that we had not postponed our coming, as she was afraid the advent of the students would interfere with our plans. But as it enabled us to see the practical effect of some of Lady Warwick's philanthropic efforts, we were very well satisfied, even though an interesting conversation was occasionally broken into with "Can I have just a word with you, Lady Warwick?" "Excuse me a minute," and then the result may be anticipated.

The grounds of Warwick are very picturesque, and the various views of the castle from different points are such as constantly inspire the brush or pencil of the artist, while many parts are of great historical interest. Several of the fine cedar trees scattered about are said to have been planted by returned Crusaders. One does not get very far



LADY WARWICK AT HOME



THE COURTYARD OF WARWICK CASTLE

### LADY WARWICK AT HOME AT WARWICK CASTLE

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington

in this beautiful park without discovering Lady Warwick's intense fondness for animals. "I do love a beast," she exclaimed. At Warwick she has quite a menagerie of beasts and birds, and it is pretty to see how fond these dumb creatures seem of her. When she had first greeted us in the morning we were quite startled by seeing what, at a hasty glance, looked like a large rat suddenly run up her dress and nestle in her arms, and it was not until the mysterious pet, a few moments later, perched himself upon her shoulder that we discovered it to be a pretty little African monkey, which had been given to Lady Warwick only a few weeks before, but which now seemed inseparable from her. His grave, old-looking face and his "monkey tricks" make a most comic combination.



CRANES IN THE PARK





WAITING FOR HIS MISTRESS



WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE AVON



THE BABY ELEPHANT

Lady Warwick is a fine horsewoman, and of course has her favourite horses, and it goes without saying that dogs have a good time that are fortunate enough to be her property. But in the grounds are also to be found cranes and storks, an Australian emu and a kangaroo. A great favourite and pet is the baby elephant, who, though but quite an infant, and "a dear little fellow," is just getting old enough to "want his own way and require checking"—a rather difficult operation, one would think, with a baby getting on for half a ton in weight.

But with all her love for the animal kingdom, the woman and mother are strongly in evidence in Lady Warwick. She speaks with justifiable pride of "my eldest boy," who fought for his King and country in South Africa, and is now military secretary to Lord Milner. We have already mentioned Lady Marjorie, whilst her youngest child, the Hon. Maynard Greville, a happy, lively boy of a little over four, made a special appeal for a snapshot of himself and his nurse, "who," he said, "won't understand what you are doing, because she is French."

After luncheon the Hostel guests dispersed around, and Lady Warwick led the way to the tall conservatory, which contains the celebrated Warwick vase, a rare specimen of Roman work, "fished out" of the Tiber some hundred and fifty years ago, and sent to Warwick, where it has been a source of wonder and admiration ever since. We had been asking ourselves all the morning how it was that a lady with so much to attract and distract, as was evident from what we had seen, could yet find time to think of and work for the good of others, as we knew the mistress of Warwick did.

"How do you manage, Lady Warwick?"

"Well, I was always fond of work—hard work. I think that a person without work, and that work something worth doing, must lead not only a selfish but a miserable existence."

"But mere love of work will not account for all."

"I don't know; perhaps not. But you must know that I am mad, positively mad, on education, particularly the education of women."

"Why of women in particular?"

"Because I think that the education of women in the past has not only been sadly neglected, but, such as it was, often conducted upon the wrong lines. Women are capable of taking and should be

taught so as to enable them to take a more independent position than has hitherto been thought 'proper.' There are more women in the world than men, and as we do not, at present at any rate, countenance polygamy, it is evident that woman is not intended to be so dependent upon man as has been thought to be her 'proper place.'

particularly in the direction of fitting women to earn their own living in branches which do not, on the one hand, require the higher and expensive education necessary for what we call the professions, or, on the other hand, are not confined to mere clerking."

"And you believe women are capable in these directions?"

"Most certainly. I believe that women are capable of doing nearly everything that a man can do that does not involve actual physical strength. Man must always remain 'lord of creation' as far as strength of body goes; but I believe in the equality of the sexes mentally, and to a great extent I have proved it."

"I received so many requests for advice as to what to do with themselves from the daughters of professional men, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, and others, that it set me thinking, and the result was that I was strongly impressed with the feasibility of farming as a suitable and agreeable occupation for women. Why should not a woman, if properly trained, make a capital farmer? In conjunction with Miss Bradley, whom you met just now, I worked out the idea of the Hostels at Reading, a sort of agricultural university, where women could be trained practically in every branch of agricultural work. The course is two years, and as a great deal of the life is in the open air, the work is invigorating and healthy."

It may be here remarked that the happy, "bonnie-looking" visitors from Reading all around us, with Miss Bradley, the warden at their head, amply confirmed this statement.

"So far, then, everything has been satisfactory. Is the final result equally so?"

"Yes, very distinctly. The training given is so thorough that the girls have no difficulty in obtaining remunerative posts, say, as dairy farmers, superintendents, head gardeners, and such like, and many have made successful starts on their own account."

"If not a delicate question, what are the ages of the girls under training?"

"Well, we are not particular as to age. I suppose they vary from about eighteen to thirty. But whatever the age, I think they show an average capacity quite equal to men under the same circumstances."

"With your strong opinions as to the capabilities of woman, and the position she should hold, are you an advocate of what is commonly called the 'new woman'?"



LADY WARWICK AMONG THE CEDARS

"But surely this has happened? Do we not see lady doctors, lady lawyers, and other lady workers? And look at Cambridge and Oxford with their women's colleges, where women equal the men in mathematics and classics."

"Certainly there is a great change in modern ideas on the woman question, but a very great deal remains yet to be done,



THE HALL



LADY WARWICK'S BOUDOIR

### LADY WARWICK AT HOME AT WARWICK CASTLE

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington

"Oh, dear no—if you mean by the expression the girl or woman who apes the man. It sounds an absurd thing to say, but some women do not seem to realise it, that a woman must be always a woman—nothing she can do will ever make a man of her; and why should she wish it? Woman's role in life is a noble one, and equally—no question about it—as important as man's; and that is why I am so eager that woman should be taught so as to properly fit her for this position. I would have women trained to be self-reliant, resourceful, and independent, so that if left to themselves, as many must be, they can take care of themselves, and so that, on the other hand, should they marry—and every true woman wishes to marry—they may be a real 'helpmeet' to man, a companion whom he can respect and rely upon. But a mannish girl, or a dowdy, untidy sloven who has too much 'mind' to think of her appearance, is a detestable creature."

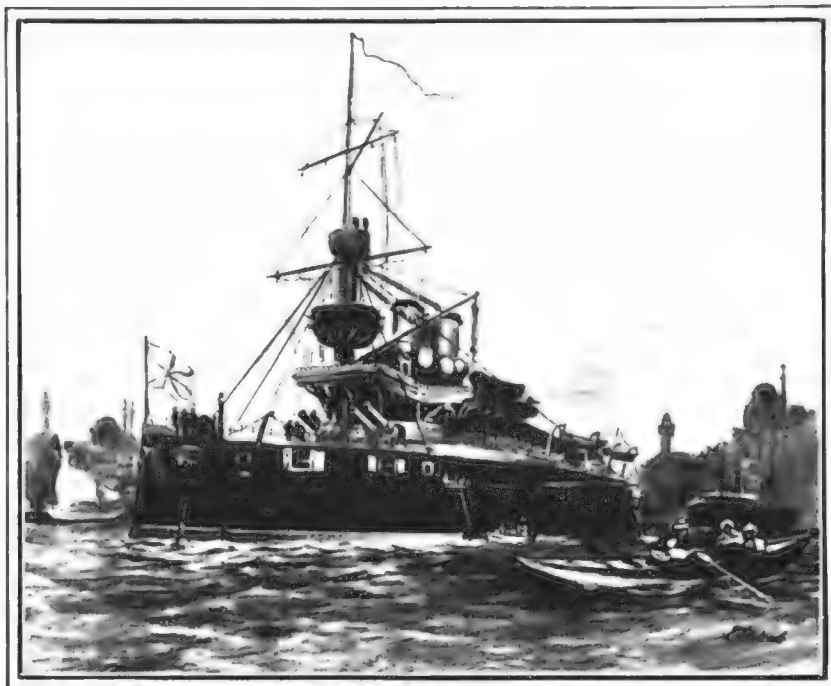
During the latter part of our conversation we had sauntered back to the Castle, and Lady Warwick seated herself on a dainty couch in her boudoir, only to find a pile of telegrams awaiting her perusal. With a weary little sigh she proceeded to open them, remarking, "Always something to be done." From what we had seen and heard we could quite believe that there generally was something for Lady Warwick to do, and that she did it very well.

## The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

### "THE WISDOM OF FOLLY"

THE chief aim and end of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new piece at the COMEDY theatre has obviously been that of presenting Miss Gertrude Kingston in the part of an absent-minded lady ("fluffy-minded" is the epithet the author prefers), as we all remember her in *The Passport*. Mrs. Rose in *The Wisdom of Folly* is undoubtedly a revival of that amusing creation, Mrs. Darcy; but just as Mr. Pickwick became ultra-Pickwickian and the two Messrs. Weller more than ever Wellerian when they unexpectedly made their reappearance in Master Humphrey's garden, so does the delightfully "fluffy-minded" lady exhibit in this reincarnation a decided heightening of tone and colour. Memory, it will be remembered, was not Mrs. Darcy's strong point, but Mrs. Rose has absolutely no memory at all. Mrs. Darcy, with her little impatient exclamation, "How stupid you are!" was incapable of bearing in mind the difference between "Pattison" and "Paterson," and thought that "Carter Paterson" must be "all the same thing;" but Mrs. Rose, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," is capable of inadvertently accepting three offers of marriage in one morning, and sending each of her suitors in turn to procure a marriage license at the parish registrar's office, where marriage licenses are, I believe, not as a rule on sale, though on this particular morning they appear to have been in pretty brisk supply. It will be seen from this that *The*



The diplomatic world in Constantinople was considerably interested in the appearance of a large Russian battleship of the Euxine Fleet which passed through the Bosphorus on October 2, 1902, and anchored off Constantinople, midway between the city and the Sultan's residence at Yildiz. She is the *Georgi Pobidonovets* (George the Victorious), 10,500 tons, and had on board the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaevitch, who was afterwards entertained at Yildiz as a guest of the Sultan. This is the first occasion that a European battleship has been seen in the Bosphorus since 1878, when the British fleet forced the Dardanelles, and since a Treaty between the Powers, by which it was agreed that no ship was to pass through the Dardanelles or Bosphorus without the consent of all the Powers concerned. The Porte has, however, this week officially declared that there is no truth in the report that negotiations are being carried on between Turkey and Russia with regard to the opening to Russian warships of the Dardanelles. Our sketch is by C. Eldred, R.N.

#### A RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP IN THE BOSPHORUS

*Wisdom of Folly*, though called a new comedy, is, in fact, a new farce. It is, moreover, a farce of a new school, which aims at substituting flippancy and inconsequence for wit and intelligible purpose. Mr. Hamilton's personages occasionally say smart and amusing things, but more often their utterances are absolutely pointless and not seldom their absolute pointlessness appears to be the essence of the joke. Besides the four suitors, Admiral Bellasis, Colonel Trumble, Mr. Shand Shand, C.B., and Mr. Elliott, the young solicitor, who lay siege to the heart of the grass-widow, Mrs. Rose, in expectation of her husband's death, there is a couple of youthful lovers who are so convinced that marriage is the end of love that when they are conscious of an overmastering inclination to matrimony they agree to drown themselves in a neighbouring pond. The audience laughed at these transcendental personages for a time, and then ceased to take note of their insincere proceedings. There was no fault to be found with the acting, and the attitude of the audience was not unfriendly; but for all that the fall of the curtain was manifestly attended by a sense of relief.

the frigid reception given by the *blasé* audience of the dress rehearsal. Finally the managers rebelled and abolished the privilege of admission to the dress rehearsal altogether.

The result was that the unfortunate dramatic critics were forced to scribble their criticisms between midnight and one o'clock in the morning. In many instances they could not see the play to a finish, and had to judge it on an incomplete performance. This was not to the advantage of critics, authors or theatrical managers. A compromise has now been come to. One hundred tickets for the dress rehearsal are to be given to the Press, and a similar number will be distributed by the author and the manager to their friends. The managers also reserve the right of giving tickets to the *personnel* of the theatre, costumiers, electricians, etc. This is the weak point of the scheme; it is the thin end of the wedge. In a few weeks' time we will probably find that the theatres employ five hundred costumiers, and as many electricians, who will all turn up in faultless evening dress.

### "THE IRON DUKE"

The anecdote of the great Duke of Wellington and the schoolboy with the pet toad has furnished Mr. Walter Frith with the material for a pretty little quasi-historical play, called *The Iron Duke*, which occupies the first forty minutes of the COMEDY programme. The schoolboy Duncan is cleverly acted by Master Sidney Carlyle, and Mr. Cartwright contributes a highly finished portrait of the Duke, who appears accompanied by his friend, General Arlathnot. The period is 1835, and Mr. Frith has adroitly contrived to import to his dialogue a tinge of the troubled party politics of that time.

For the first time in the history of Savoy traditions, the original company performed this week at other than their own theatre. The whole of the company in *Merric England*, with all the original scenery, costumes, and effects, exactly as played at the Savoy Theatre, commenced a week's engagement at KENNINGTON Theatre on Monday. Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Agnes Fraser, Miss Louie Pounds, Mr. Robert Exett, Mr. H. A. Lytton, and Mr. Walter Passmore appeared in the cast.

The much-voiced question of dress rehearsals and first nights in the Paris theatres has now been settled after a fashion. Some years ago, in order to facilitate the task of the dramatic critics, the managers of the Paris theatres invited them to the dress rehearsals of new plays. Bit by bit the number of people increased until the theatres were filled from stalls to gallery. The audience was, however, a special one, consisting as it did of journalists, literary men, artists and such like. It was an audience notoriously hard to please. The result was that many pieces failed to find favour at their hands which were popular successes. The critics, however, in most instances, did not trouble to return to the real first night when the paying public was admitted, but wrote their criticisms under the influence of



THE LORD MAYOR SPEAKING IN THE SHELTER

The Bishop of London on Saturday last dedicated the new shelter which has been erected by the Rev. Montague Fowler in the churchyard of All Hallows Church, in London Wall, for the accommodation of people arriving at Liverpool Street and Broad Street Stations in the early morning. The dedication service was held in the church, and the Bishop, in the course of his sermon, said that for the last two or three years the church itself had been thrown open to women and girls who were obliged to arrive at the railway stations in Liverpool Street two or three hours



THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION

before they were due to commence their work in the City, and the accommodation had been greatly appreciated; but they had had no place



THE LADY MAYORESS SERVING THE FIRST CUP OF TEA TO THE BISHOP

for men. Now they had comfortable places for both sexes, where the time of waiting could be spent pleasantly and easily and in a religious atmosphere. He mentioned that there was still a debt of 250*l.* on the building. After the service the clergy and the congregation adjourned to the new building, where the Lord Mayor expressed his appreciation of the aims of the shelter, and the Lady Mayoress served the first cup of tea to the Bishop.

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## Our Bookshelf

## THE LIFE OF LEE

ELLEN THORNTON ROSE FOWLER'S story of the Family Curse that lay heavy on the house of Baxendale (Hodder and Stoughton), is a masterpiece of ingenuity. So far as that is concerned, it is a point of honour as well as of courtesy to observe the authoress's dedication

For such as take my tale and read it through  
(I like the unregenerate reader, who  
By furtive glances at the final page  
Anticipates the wherefore and the why,  
Spelling his pleasure and my work thereby)  
I write this book, and beg their patronage

None the less even the ingenuity of the plot must yield the palm to the delightfulness of the portraiture. Acquaintanceship with Lady Alicia Baxendale must have been a joy to all who had it. She is an up-to-date Mrs. Nickleby of social position; and yet it would be rash to say that she is even remotely tinged with caricature. The scene in which she and a kindred spirit converse in entirely independent monologues is an almost cruel piece of realism. The novel is an excellent example both of its author's method and of her characteristic merits all round.

## A SON OF GAI

Mr. John A. Steuart describes his story (Hutchinson and Co.) as an illustration "of the community of interest and sentiment, which is fast Americanising England, and anglicising America," finding among the signs of the times, "no more encouraging omen than the swift drawing together of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples." We should describe it as an illustration of the loyalty of the Highlander to the ruined chief whose ancient inheritance has passed into other hands. There is, in fact, no representative of Anglo-Saxondom in the whole tale, for even the *nouveau riche* from America, the many-millioned Ogilvie, is as pure-blooded a Celt as the dispossessed Maclean, while a couple of vulgar Wall Street jackals represent, it is to be hoped, no race but their own. It is true that the heroine, Connie Ogilvie, had an American mother, but her heart is in the Highlands from the start, and is altogether a Highlander's long before the end. Every condition of romance is fulfilled by the manner in which the great feud of the Macleans and the Ogilvies is carried on and concluded, and by the various turns of Fortune's wheel. The winner of all hearts, however, will be neither hero nor heroine, but just Ian, the Maclean's man, who is to his fallen chief all that Caleb Balderstone was to Edgar of Ravenswood, and more—a familiar but always welcome type, and with a distinctive character of his own. We do not often meet with such familiar materials so well and so freshly handled as in this conspicuously un-Saxon tale, with the Gaelic feeling in every line.

## NEBO THE NAHER

Mr. S. Baring-Gould's latest exploration of the byways and backwaters of English life (Cassell and Company) is made among the Worcestershire nail-forgers. It is a strange race whom he locates upon the "Waste Moor," a small district of barren and intractable clay, where generations of these toilers have grown

into an independent colony, paying no rent, observing no laws, and unaffected, indeed unmixed, by any influence from the outside. The grimness of the picture is concentrated in the person of Adolphus Sauchs, a masterful ruffian, who thinks nothing of chastising his stepdaughter with a white-hot rod of iron for dozing over the bellows, and has grown comparatively wealthy—as the term was understood on Waste Moor—as a "Fogger" or battener upon the distresses of others caused by sickness, drink, or slack trade. The dramatic interest of the novel consists in the war, literally to the knife, between this scoundrel and his stepson Nebel, who, just enough educated to have assimilated the alphabet of Socialism, devotes himself to the Herculean labour of the moral and industrial elevation of his people, and does not meet the fate for which reformers must be prepared until he has found hands and means better fitted for carrying his life's work on. His combination of narrowness, ignorance, high purpose, and instinctive chivalry is convincingly realised. Mr. Baring-Gould's grotesqueness of humour finds its scope in a race of hereditary cripples whose kindliness sets them in quaint contrast with the stalwart neighbours, to whom they physically look so far up, but on whom, from the heights of their self-esteem, they look so loftily down. The two love-stories are of small account, but they serve to introduce a heroine with even too little nonsense about her, and to sweeten a picture that would otherwise be almost too hard and grim.

## UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE

Novel-readers ought by this time to know something about the "Forty-five"; but Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has put the subject into a somewhat fresh light. The ostensible narrator of "Under the White Cockade" (Cassell and Co.) is a young Buckinghamshire gentleman of the name of Anstruther, who joined Prince Charlie at Dunblane, and had what he would probably have called nowadays a high old time. He took kindly to the liquor of the North; he kissed the lassies and they kissed him; he fought ten men single handed, and liked it; he and a comrade, armed with scythes, polished off a dozen dragons—"roaring with glee," he says, "as the blades swept up and down, and I for one can liken the matter to no loftier thing than cutting butter." With no help but the same comrades, he took prisoner a hundred and twenty dragons, took Edinburgh, and won the Battle of Preston Pans. In the middle of all this fun and frolic, and despite the kissing at large, he turned the campaign into a honeymoon by marrying the lovely daughter of a peer who had cast her off for her loyalty to the White Cockade. The novel is a good stirring story of action, to which the "Glad Gallop" that gives the last chapter its title, applies from start to finish, without the pause of a page.

## JEANNE D'ARC, MAID OF ORLEANS, 1429-1431

A work that should prove of immense interest to all students of French history and, for that matter, to all who concern themselves with the death or, may be, the martyrdom of the Maid of Orleans, is "Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France; Being the Story of her Life, her Achievements, and her Death, as Attested on Oath, and Set Forth in the Original Documents." We make no apologies for giving the title in full, as it shows better than we could describe in words the scope of the volume. In an ably

"Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, 1429-1431." Edited by Douglas Murray. (Heinemann.)

written introduction Mr. Murray gives a short, though very complete, life of Jeanne d'Arc, criticising the actions of her judges, the legality—or, rather, the illegality—of her trial, and other matters connected with her martyrdom.

Although the English have always been blamed for her death, she owed her martyrdom to two of her own countrymen; Charles VII., who could in all probability have ransomed her, and "the wretched Bishop of Beauvais, Pierre Cauchon," who, although a Burgundian, and fighting with England against the French King, was none the less a Frenchman. With regard to what nowadays we should call the reports of the trial, here called the "original documents," a part of the original French notes of the trial, taken down at the time of the trial by the registrar, is still in existence in the National Library at Paris.

## MY AUSTRALIAN GIRLHOOD

Much as Mrs. Campbell Praed has written we do not remember to have read any of her books with greater interest than this thrilling account of her young days spent in the Australian bush, and where her father was a squatter. Her recollections date back to the time "when Moreton Bay was still a penal settlement, and the colony of Queensland not in existence; when Brisbane was only a river village called Brisbane Water, and its Houses of Parliament were not dreamed of." In speaking of the natives, who at that time were more numerous and considerably more in evidence than they now are, the writer says:

I love the Blacks. Some of them were my playfellows when I was a child at Narragin, up in the then unsettled north; and, truly, I think that the natives have not deserved their fate nor the evil that has been spoken of them. It was mainly the fault of the Whites that they learned treachery, and were incited to rape and murder.

She speaks with something akin to horror of the black trackers, who, under the command of white police officers, were only too happy to track down and kill even their nearest relations. She tells of one of these "gleefully narrating how he had cut off his own mother's head"—a form of treachery he could hardly have learned of the whites. Yet, with all Mrs. Campbell Praed's love of the blacks, she allows that no one, at that time, was safe from them. "Often," she writes, "have I heard my father describe how each evening, coming in from the run, he used in cold fear to mount the hill overlooking the humpy, and draw free breath again when he saw it lying quiet and unharmed."

It was amongst such scenes and events that Mrs. Campbell Praed spent her girlhood, and many similar stories she has to relate. On one occasion she was taken out at night by a black boy chum, and hiding in the scrub she witnessed a corroboree, which took place before a raid. Nor was that her only "native" experience. She writes:

Gastronomically speaking, I learned a good deal from the blacks, particularly from a certain half-caste boy named Ringo, who was the first object of my youthful affections. . . . Ringo taught me also to find and appreciate a fat, white grub, the native name of which I forget, though I should like to recommend it to European and Australian epicures. I also made acquaintance, under Ringo's auspices, with the flesh of the iguana and—special delicacy—the eggs of the black snake.

The volume is a book to be read, and we confidently recommend it to all who would have a true idea of Australia and life in the Australian bush forty odd years ago.

"My Australian Girlhood." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Fisher Unwin.)

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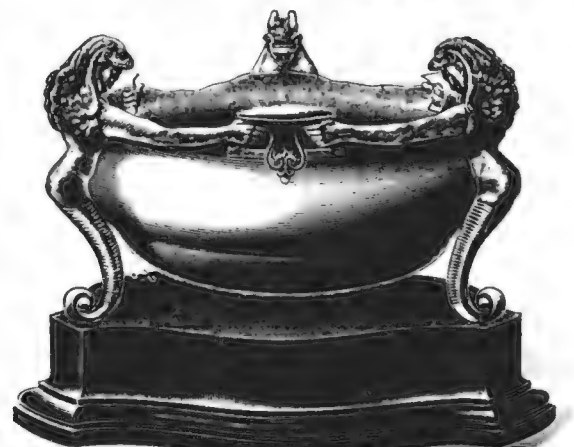
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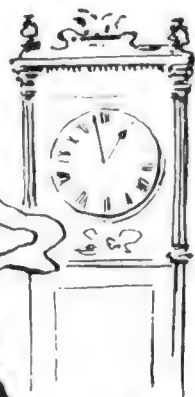
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## "ST. GEORGE AND THE CHINESE DRAGON"

This volume, written as it is by an officer commanding one of the regiments in the campaign—the 7th Rajputs—is a decided acquisition to the literature of the Chinese War. At the same time, considering the number of works that have appeared on the subject, we think it is to be regretted that he did not stick to his first idea, which was to publish his diary of the experiences of his own corps, instead of changing his mind, and including the doings of other corps present. There is no need here to recapitulate the story of the advance on Peking. The Rajputs, with the Sikhs, the Punjab Infantry and the Japanese were, as a rule, well to the front. A rather amusing occurrence took place on nearing Peking. Colonel Vaughan was ordered to occupy a village on the right of the main road, which he did. There was a high castellated wall at the end of the village, "and the subadar-major said:—'I suppose we ought to occupy and hold the wall of that fort,' pointing to it. I replied, 'Yes,' little knowing that it was the city wall of Peking we were in sight of." It is, of course, of great interest to hear a comparison of the troops of the Allies from an officer who has seen them all in the field. It would take too much space to give his opinion here, but we may say that there was not a great deal of difference in soldierly qualities amongst most of the troops, with the exception of one nation, whose regiments Colonel Vaughan divides into two classes—good and bad. "The discipline of the former appeared to be good, and the men a fine, soldierly-looking lot." The second class, "Slovenly, disgracefully dressed, insolent when opportunity offered, and insubordinate, they appeared to be totally lacking in all soldierly instincts." It is gratifying to read that the writer considers our own troops—he particularly mentions the Sikhs and the Welsh Fusiliers—second to none.

## "THE STRUGGLE FOR PERSIA"†

According to Mr. Stuart, Russian influence is paramount in Persia, whilst British prestige and British influence is gradually waning—if it has not already altogether waned. No railway can be built in the country without the former's permission, and Russia has also a tight hand on the customs. And the author calls upon England to awaken from her lethargy and retrieve her supremacy "in a country where once she was without a rival." But it is not for its politics but as a book of travel that we have enjoyed this volume. Mr. Stuart has a facile pen and an unflinching fund of humour—though the humour may be of the quiet kind. His account of the various people and places he saw as he travelled over "the almost impassable route between Eastern Russia to Teheran" is most interesting, and his description of the Shah's army highly amusing. Judging from the writer's description of the Shah's palace, it must be not unlike an Oxford Street auction-room on a busy day. We recommend to the notice of our readers—who should be sure not to miss the book—a

\* "St. George and the Chinese Dragon." By Lieut.-Colonel H. B. Vaughan. (Pearson.)

† "The Struggle for Persia." By Donald Stuart. (Methuen.)



From "The Book of Romance." By Andrew Lang. (Longmans)

thrilling account of a billiard match as played in Persia—unfortunately it is too long for quotation here. Speaking of the army Mr. Stuart writes:—

The infantry as a fighting force are beneath contempt. At least a dozen different patterns of rifles constitute their armament, consisting of matchlocks, flintlocks, Sniders, Martins, obsolete Russian guns, and a portion of a cargo of a nondescript description that was seized some years ago in the Persian Gulf. When it is added that there is not a round of ammunition to fit any of the above weapons, some idea of the value of these 40,000 may be formed.

## BOOKS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

"Sweetmeat-making at Home," by Mrs. M. E. Rattray (C. Pearson and Co.), is a capital little work, full of clear directions for the preparation of sweets. After giving a list of utensils required, it first initiates the performer into the art of sugar-boiling, a knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for the successful production of the dainties, and then proceeds to give some 130 recipes. From the same publisher we have "Etiquette for Women," by "One of the Aristocracy," which treats of modes and manners, instructing the ignorant as to their behaviour on all occasions of life, and ending with a chapter on "What to Avoid." Yet another cookery book comes from Mrs. de Salis, "A la Mode Cookery" (Longmans, Green, and Co.). This author's books are always of the best. The recipes, some of which are quite novel, are in many instances accompanied by drawings which should greatly assist the cook. The closing chapter contains kitchen hints which might well be followed, especially one for preventing the smell of greens from permeating the house. A glossary of terms used in cookery is also added.

## Christmas Literature

## "THE BOOK OF ROMANCE"

We cannot help envying the children of to-day who have such books as "The Book of Romance" (Longmans) written for them. For some time past now Mr. Andrew Lang has year by year produced a book for children, and his Fairy Books are highly prized by all the youngsters who have the good fortune to know them. This year he has edited "The Book of Romance." In it we have, to begin with, all the beautiful stories of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, which Mr. Lang so aptly describes as a mixture of popular tales, of literary invention, and of history transmitted in legend. To the charm of fairy tale they add the fascination of the age of chivalry. Mr. Lang seems to doubt whether they will please children as much as the fairy tale pure and simple. For our part we think that this volume will be voted one of the best, if not the best. Moreover, the book will be read with considerable pleasure by others than children. The stories of Arthur are taken mainly from Malory's compilation, from sources chiefly French, but the opening of the Graal story is adapted from Mr. Sebastian Evans's "High History of the Holy Graal." Besides these Tales of the Round Table, there are "The Battle of Roncevalles," in which the story of Roland is told from the French; "The Story of Diarmid," from the Irish; the thoroughly English story of "Robin Hood"; the "Adventures of William Short Nose," "Wayland the Smith," and the "Story of Gretir the Strong." The last-named is written by Mr. H. S. C. Everard from the saga translated by Mr. William Morris. All the other romances are written by Mrs. Lang. The book is well illustrated by H. J. Ford, there being eight illustrations in colour and a large number of full-page plates. The whole collection makes a delightful book, and we are glad to find that it is well printed, for it is a volume to be kept.

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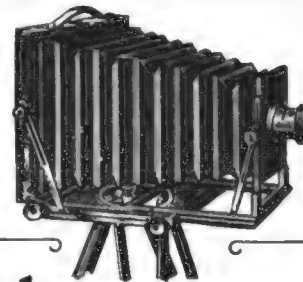
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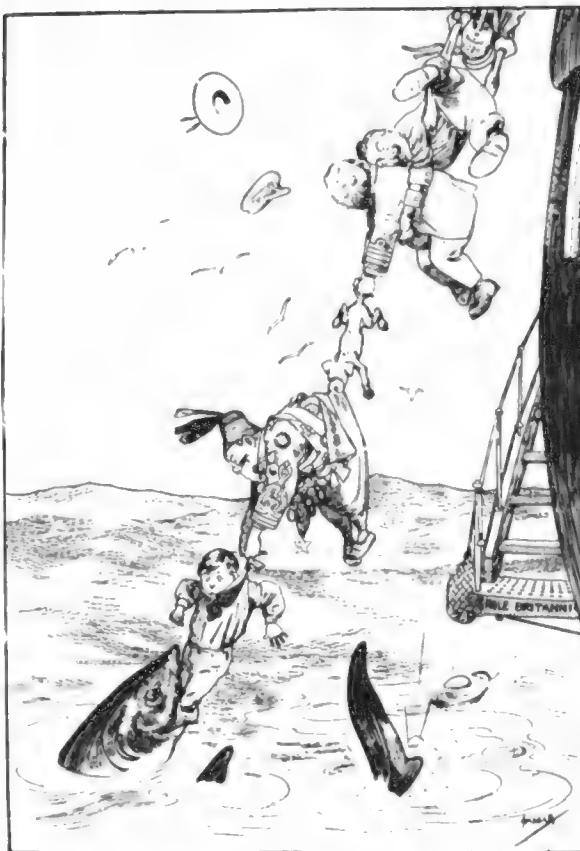
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## "ALICK'S ADVENTURES"

There are few boys and girls who would not like to know the hero of "Alick's Adventures," by "G. K." (Longmans). Alick, after "six and a half long years of the deadly monotony of nursery life," made up his mind to travel. Preparations are accordingly made for a shooting expedition on which he is to go, accompanied by Vic, his dog. He had "a better popgun, shooting a handful and a half of hard-boiled peas for small game, and for big game a heavy eight-bore popgun with expanding charge-stopping champagne corks, excellent for stopping large and dangerous beasts, and a small .400 popgun for long-distance shots," firing potent solid medicine bottle corks, tipped with sealing wax. He also had a spirit lamp, a tent, a change of clothes, and one packet of butter-scotch. His ticket was taken at Cook's for the Desert, and then the "Adventures" began—adventures of the wildest and most stirring kind, as may be seen from the one illustrated in the accompanying plate taken from the book. He is joined on board ship by an "Ambassador," an excellent companion, who, when the pair were attacked by wolves, would have been devoured, had it not been for his large number of Orders. The wolves sampled him, but found he had "too many pips"—the "pips" being pieces of the "Star of the Microbe" and other decorations. Among other marvellous adventures Alick acts as second to the lion in his fight with the bear. This is one of the best incidents in the book which is full of laughable absurdities. But while the adventures themselves will be read and found delightful by all children, there is a vein of satire running through the book which it would take a very clever child to follow. Skits on events of the day, such as *The Times* and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and political allusions, are beyond the average child, who, however, would appreciate the joke of naming two sets of twins, "Kate" and "Duplicate" and "Peter" and "Repeater." The eight illustrations by John Hassall are excellent, for he has caught the author's humour.

## ENGLISH SCHOOLDAYS

Some parents complain of an undue proportion of athletics in the present educational system. Judging from the space given to graphic descriptions of "football," cricket and other sports in tales of school life, such are evidently the subjects which interest boys most. Witness "The Pothunters" (Black), by P. G. Woodhouse, where the plot is thickened by the loss of prize cups under most mysterious circumstances. Mr. Robert Leighton makes a variation in "The Boys of Waverley" (Grant Richards), by introducing an American millionaire pupil of exceptional acumen and resource who sets everything right in the most delightful manner; even to releasing an unjustly accused parent from prison. This is one of the best of the school stories, well worked out, and capitally illustrated by Gordon Browne. Running away from school seems greatly in favour. It is the main excitement of "Jack and Black" (Chambers) by Andrew Home, thanks to a misunderstanding which brings two chums into a sea of troubles—amusing enough, however. Another pair of runaways of more tender years are to be met with in "All Astray" (Black), wherein Mr. Ascott R. Hope presents two quaint "pickles" whose stupidity would hardly have carried them through anywhere but in a story-book. Two more truants again do not receive their deserts in "The Lost Squire of Inglewood" (Nelson), for, instead of punishment, they experience wonderful and



"ALMOST TOO EXCITING."  
From "Alick's Adventures." (Longmans)

delightful adventures in some miraculous caves under Nottingham Castle, where they unearth a vast treasure and a long-lost father. This missing parent fell into the Trent and came up on the other side of a wall of rock into the mysterious caves, being reported drowned. There he lived five years underground, and was nursed through rheumatic fever by a black cat, which, with rare discrimination for a cat, brought him cooked beef and mutton and jam rolls—how obtained the historian sayeth not. After which the reader wonders whether Dr. Jackson, the author, has been studying Baron Munchausen. It is a great descent from the wildly improbable to the everyday mischief of schoolboys in "Sale's Sharpshooters" (Nelson). These small boys had more fun at home than in school, and the tale of their forming a volunteer corps and their rivalry with their neighbours is pleasantly told by Mr. Harold Avery.

## ADVENTURES FOR BOYS

With our own nation making military history so fast of late it is natural enough that the great historic struggles of the past should be brought once more to the light. Nowadays English and Americans are such close friends that our young folk probably fail to realise the days when they were deadly foes, and the American Colonies wrestled for freedom from British rule. Mr. R. W. Chambers's "The Maid-at-Arms" (Constable) gives a vivid idea of those stirring times, and puts on the stage many men whose names must ever live in history. Taking the American point of view, he paints the beginning of the war and the enlisting of the Indian allies in a picturesque and forcible style which will give him many appreciative readers. In this case history is by no means dry bones, and the romantic thread of a love affair interwoven further brightens a decidedly original book. The same theme—Independence—supplies Mr. Herbert Hayens with good material for "At the Point of the Sword" (Nelson), equally picturesque in its descriptions of guerrilla warfare on the southern half of the American continent. Here is Peru freeing herself from the Spanish yoke with the help of San Martin and Bolivar—a period which affords the gallant boyish hero ample scope for thrilling escapes from Spanish dungeons, brigands' haunts, fierce battles and the like. No lack of excitement is here, and Mr. Hayens fortunately avoids the error of making his boys too perfect for reality. So, too, does Mr. George Manville Fenn, who has the happiest knack of picturing jolly, wholesome English lads. This year he takes his hero, "Stan Lynn" (Chambers), to China to run the gauntlet of villainous river pirates, and to help in a heroic defence of an isolated home, or British mercantile warehouse, against overwhelming odds. Truly a most sensational episode, treated with the author's usual zest and vigour.

## IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

Romance pure and simple comes to the front in the next group, devoted to the prowess of heroes true and legendary. Professor Church, who does so much to popularise the classics with young readers by his charming stories from the ancients, has now turned his attention to olden France. "Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France" (Seeley) is a delightful rendering of the doughty deeds of the Paladins, Roland and Oliver, the Four Sons of Aymon, with their wondrous horse Bayard, the giant Fierabras, the traitor Ganelon, and others of the gallant Knights surrounding the great King. Professor Church has well kept the chivalric spirit of the Charlemagne romances whilst putting them into simple, terse English. Just the book for a Christmas present. Against the French heroes may be pitted the chronicle of our own gallant King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, culled from Sir Thomas Malory, and brought within the reach of younger readers as "Selections from the *Morte d'Arthur*." This is one of the "Romance Readers" (Marshall), edited by C. L. Thomson, who has made a judicious choice among the Arthurian legends, and has not modernised good Sir Thomas over-much. Two more volumes of the series are "Tales from the Greek"—familiar classic legends put in very simple form, and "The Celtic Wonder World"—adaptations of Irish, Welsh, and Breton stories in similar style. Mr. Thomson's work is excellently done, and will prepare the way for a wider knowledge of the subject as the children grow older. Misses Helen and Edith Stratton furnish the illustrations, often somewhat eccentric.

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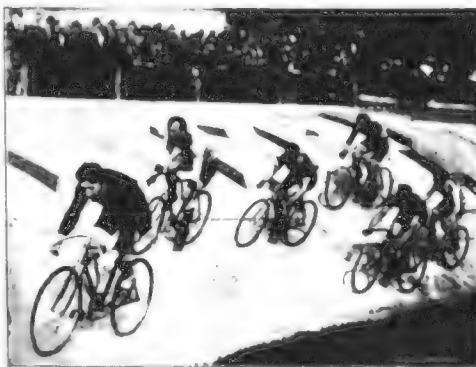
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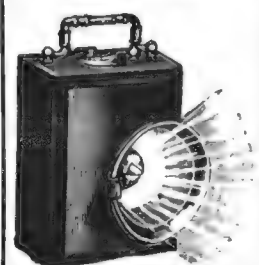
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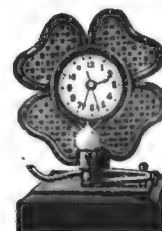
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## Music of the Week

## BRISTOL FESTIVAL

THE Bristol Musical Festival was, from a financial point of view, more successful than that of Cardiff, although both have been so well supported, that no call is necessary on the guarantors. Bristol, of course, has a larger and wealthier *audience*, and also the list of principal vocalists was stronger. On Friday evening, indeed, a notable star appeared in the person of M. Paderewski, who drew a "record" audience to hear his performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto and his own Polish Fantasia, the latter being better rendered than the former. Dr. Grieg was to have been present to conduct some of his own works, but he has postponed his visit to England. Mr. Coleridge Taylor, however, conducted his own *Song of Hwatha*, and Professor Parker conducted the first performance in its entirety of his oratorio, *St. Christopher*, the principal novelty of the Festival. The story of the vacillation of the giant warrior, who goes from leader to leader in order to discover the fearless one, is not of particular interest to modern audiences, who are inclined to be amused rather than amazed when the hero throws up the service of King Oriens because that monarch is afraid of the demons in a wood, and relinquishes the service of Satan because the fiend shows terror at the penitential chorus of women at the Cross. The warrior eventually embraces Christianity and is canonised. Some of Dr. Parker's choruses are too long, but full justice, however, was done to them by the Bristol choir.

## THE CARDIFF FESTIVAL

The attendance at the Cardiff Festival was better than at the previous celebration which took place under Sir Joseph Barnby, and towards the end of the week, when the music-loving Welsh miners came to the rescue, the audiences were very large. The late César Franck's *The Beatitudes* was the only novelty of the Festival, and it was new only to Wales, for a couple of years ago it had been heard in its entirety at Glasgow. It is more or less a dramatic version of the blessings spoken by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount. The work is, however, treated in rather original fashion, either with subjective choruses or dramatic dialogue, or scenes in which the blessing is contrasted with its exact opposite. For example, the "Beatitude" which speaks of the "Poor in spirit," is prefaced by a chorus of pleasure worshippers, after which the voice of the Saviour proclaims the Blessing, and is answered by the celestial choir. One of the most interesting sections is that which deals with the line "Blessed are they that mourn," it containing solos for the bereaved mother and the orphan, a duet for the wife and husband, and choruses of philosophers and slaves. The "Pure in heart" section is also extremely interesting, with its choruses of Jewish women, heathen women and Pharisees, and its solo of the Angel of Death. In the last two Beatitudes Satan is introduced. The orchestration is an important feature, and the composer occasionally revels in polyphonic treatment. The music is difficult, but the choral performance did credit to the choir and Dr. Cowen, the conductor.

## LONDON CONCERTS

The concert season is now beginning in good earnest. Among those who have made their re-appearance is M. Kubelik, who played before a large audience at the first of the Crystal Palace Concerts on Saturday, his principal solo being the only concerto that Ernst wrote, an immensely difficult work, which the violinists of his time declared was too much for the composer himself.



DRAWN BY P. R. HICKLING

The civic authorities in Rome have just replaced the she-wolf which died of grief four years ago after seeing her mate kill their cub in a fit of jealousy. The new animal is housed in the cage in the Capitol which belonged to the former pet of the city.

A LIVING MEMORIAL OF THE BIRTH OF ROME

Paganini's "Di palpit," and St. Lubin's arrangement of the sextet from *Lucia*, were also in the scheme. Kubelik was in excellent form, showing indeed how surely his style is developing with maturity. But he was at his best in Ernst's concerto, in an adagio by Mozart, in which he showed a breadth of which a year ago he would scarcely have been suspected, and in Schumann's "Traumerei," which he gave as one of his encore pieces.

Mr. Manns is back from Hastings, very greatly improved in health. His left arm is, however, as we learn, still weak, and he will not conduct any concerts this season, although he hopes to direct the next Handel Festival. The Crystal Palace concert to-day (Saturday), will see the *debut* of M. Max Wolfsthal, a Polish violinist, who has studied under Professor Grun at Vienna, where he made his *debut* seven years ago before the Austrian Court as a child prodigy of ten.

Two new singers have made their London *debut*, namely, Madame Nancy Stevenson, a promising soprano from Coventry, and a pupil of Madame Blanche Marchesi, and Frl. Berta Oeder. The latter is an Austrian, who has studied in Italy, and she has a mezzo-soprano voice of more than ordinary range, although the compass of a mezzo-soprano is often extensive. That of Frl. Oeder is said to range through three octaves. She is an excellent lieder singer, but seems to be handicapped in florid music.

At the Promenade Concerts familiar works have chiefly been relied upon, but this week Mr. Wood announced, for the first time under his baton, Tchaikowsky's third concerto written for the French pianist, M. Diémer. On Wednesday of the present week, too, the well-known contralto, Madame Gomez, announced at St. James's Hall her farewell concert prior to her departure for India.

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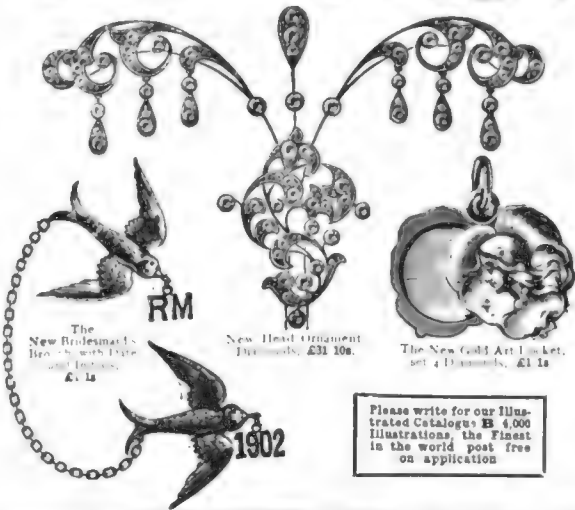
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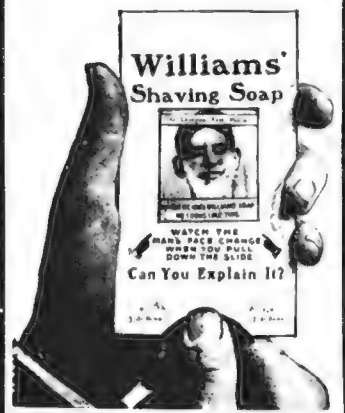
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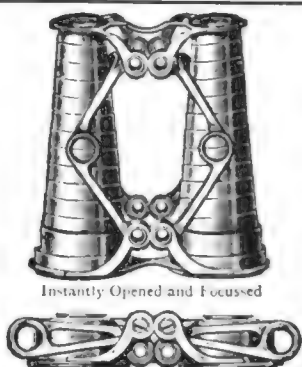
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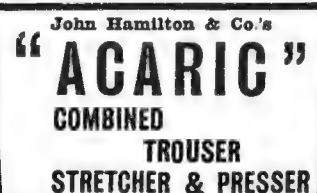
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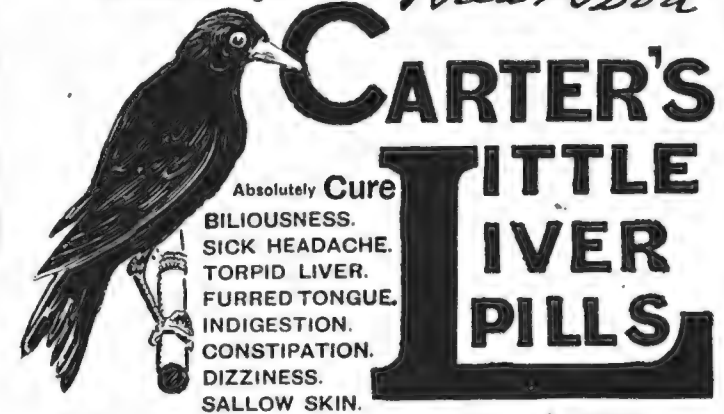
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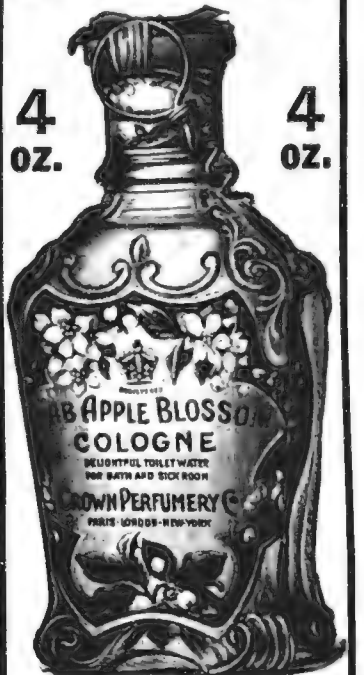


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## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

FRANCE is just now in a state of moral revolution. The miners are on strike, but, what is worse still, the women are meditating a strike. What they consider uncalled-for cruelty and harshness in the breaking up of the religious congregations has roused them to violent indignation. A league of ladies has been formed in Paris with a view to increasing the influence of religion and morality, and to infusing a new sense of duty into the nation. Frenchwomen will not have the education of their children tampered with, or their sense of religion dulled. With the feminine sense of injustice once thoroughly roused, women will prove a dangerous enemy to the statesman who ventures to oppose them in their deepest affections. Is not the influence of women omnipresent in the family, the home, the Society, the Church? Who will dare to combat it? It will take a brave man, indeed, to stand up against *la ligue des mamans*, for if a Frenchwoman has any virtue prominently developed it is that of motherhood. English mothers are not half so interested in their nurseries and the school life of their children as is the French mother.

When will the fashion return of caps for old ladies? So long as the hair is thick and abundant a cap is not *de rigueur*, but when locks are thin and the hair-dressing leaves something to be desired, then, indeed, caps become not only an ornament but a necessity. This truth was impressed on me lately at a restaurant where I saw two ladies dining. Both were middle-aged and had no pretension to good looks. The one had dragged her wisp of grey hair on to the top of her head and skewered it with a pin; the effect was ludicrous. The other had scraped her thin hair back over her forehead and fastened an enormous plait on to it. The result was equally absurd. Caps may be made so pretty and coquettish that there is really no reason ladies should object to wearing them, but in order that they should be becoming they must be fairly large and cover the head. Let the paucity of hair be the condition, and taste and elegance the aim and object, and I am sure old ladies will soon return with pleasure to the pretty mob-caps their mothers wore. The sweetest face looks sweeter still in a cap which frames and softens it.

Will not some enterprising county council order the taxation of cats, and the destruction (painless, of course) of those which are not

licensed? The money spent on cats' homes would thus be saved, and the quantity of half-starved, mangy and diseased cats sensibly diminished. Those who love their cats and take care of them would not suffer, but the miserable, neglected animals, would cease to be a sanitary danger. It is well known that cats convey disease, and yet it is cats that the fond mother chooses as a pet for her children in the nursery. To take another side of the question, the nocturnal disturbance and ear-splitting noises of the night would be to a great extent abolished, and thus relief given to sleepless invalids and hard-worked men and women.

The Chrysanthemum Show at the Aquarium was, as usual, a feast for the eyes and a lesson to the seeker after knowledge and novelty. Chrysanthemums of all kinds, from the small to the large, have now established themselves permanently in the public favour, and share with roses and orchids the care and attention of the dilettante. They are certainly beautiful in form and colour, though they have no scent, and in some ways remind one of the country where men live in paper houses and adore flowers which look as though made of torn paper. At the same show I noticed a basket of autumn berries and leaves where blackberry shoots were utilised. The blackberry leaves are remarkably beautiful in colour and with the blackberries form a lovely dinner-table decoration. Set on pale yellow satin or on cream lace there is no end to the beautiful and artistic combinations of colour that may be arranged with a quaintness and variety truly refreshing.

Switzerland used to be a place where little or no dressing was expected. Now the fashion of white ties and full evening costume has come in, even at places like the Riffel Alp Hotel, where people chiefly resort for climbing. The Americans are at fault here. They take quite a number of immense boxes, and change their dresses so many times a day, that the men have perforce to follow suit, and thus a little mountain hotel in the Alps reminds one more of a Piccadilly restaurant than of a quiet health resort. It seems a pity, for part of the advantage of the change is that the demon of dress is exorcised for the time, and we return to simpler and more primitive modes of life. But if we take London with us, where does the change come in?

The motor bicycle always appears to me a combination of all that is unpleasant; still, it has its votaries. This damp summer has not been bad for the ordinary cyclist, however, and he is in the majority though he may not travel so fast. Touring has taught both men

and women one lesson, and that is the necessity of wearing flannel or Jaeger under-garments. The latter are now made in a white material, and are no longer ugly, while the flannel for shirts and blouses is as pretty in colouring as could be desired. Jaeger clothing has this advantage, that you may put it on damp and it will not give you cold, while everyone knows the difficulty there is sometimes in getting one's clothes aired at hotels.

The Coronation Durbar is taking many people to India, where the preparations are on a magnificent scale. A house is being built for Lord Curzon, and the world-famed native embroiderers have long been engaged with the rich and wonderful fabrics which are to be used at the pageant. Such colouring, such variety, such glitter as will be seen at the review form a spectacle which will astonish the ordinary European.

RIFLE SHOOTING AS A WINTER PURSUIT FOR WORKING MEN AND LADS.—Lieut.-General Lance writes:—"May I ask you to bring again to the notice of your readers the objects of the Society of Working Men's Rifle Clubs, of which Field-Marshal Earl Roberts is president. This society was inaugurated at a meeting at the Mansion House in the spring of last year, and has been instrumental in forming thirty-six miniature rifle clubs. The society was formed for the purpose of affording facilities to the working classes to become skilled in the handling of the rifle. Its aim is to induce large numbers of wage-earning people to occasionally utilise their evenings the only time which is at their disposal—in a manner which, while interesting to themselves, will also prove profitable to the State. There are many places which, used only partially for other purposes, could be temporarily utilised during the winter season for rifle shooting. To establish a rifle club, fully-equipped with the apparatus recommended, rifles, etc., a hall or room forty feet or more in length is required, and a sum of 15*l.* will more than cover the initial cost; whilst, without the apparatus, a small club could be started for 5*l.* The committee of the society has just published a little book showing the best means of forming and conducting a miniature rifle club, and a copy will be gladly sent free of charge to any person interested in the subject. Samples of various kinds of apparatus recommended for use as indoor ranges can be seen at the society's offices, 17, Victoria Street, Westminster, at any time, and any information on the subject of miniature rifle-shooting will be supplied on application to the secretary at that address."

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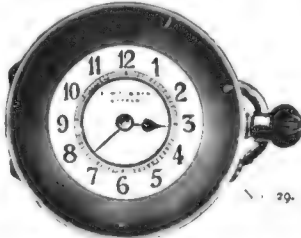
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

MILDER weather has been welcome to the gardener, whose chrysanthemums were in danger at the beginning of the month. Farmers, however, were better suited by the conditions then prevailing, and they find the humid atmosphere particularly bad for threshing corn. Ploughing and drilling are going on briskly enough, and the land works well. The potato crop, which is now in process of being lifted, is regarded by most farmers as quite ten per cent. inferior to last year, but it must be remembered that 1901 had a potato crop of exceptional quality and quantity combined. Prices are improving, which may be some compensation, but it is doubtful whether, after deductions for disease are made, the growing of the potato crop of 1902 will have paid its way. The Michaelmas contracts for bread made by local Boards of Guardians often extend over the entire winter, and it is, therefore, interesting to note that, despite the Registration Duty, the Guardians have in all cases been able to secure tenders at the prices of the previous Michaelmas quarter. The work of the next few weeks on many farms will be that of raising and storing mangolds and swedes. The turnips are usually left until late in November, but as they suffer most damage

from frost the prudent farmer keeps an eye on the character of the season. Parsnips, where grown, are an excellent crop this year, but they are still for the most part regarded as a garden vegetable and not as a field crop.

## THE DAIRY SHOW

More animals than ever, more exhibits than ever, more visitors than ever. So the annual dairy show goes piling up its successes until one might really think that the dairy interest in England was paying the dividends of an aerated bread company or making the profits of the American who has struck oil. Such, however, is very far from being the case, and the exhibits of a show represent the attainment of the elect minority without giving the slightest indication of where the great bulk of the dairy farmers are standing. Butter, from all we can gather, is hardly paying its way, and cheese in the way of profit is "a regular toss-up." Milk pays a small but secure profit where the dairy farm is near a big town, but the profit in the purely rural districts is too frequently to seek. The cheese classes at the dairy show were the most promising feature, the Cheddar exhibits being of splendid quality, and the Scots' competition therewith exciting much interest among the connoisseurs. There is a retrogression in Stilton cheese, and Cheshire has not the vogue that it used to have. But in the West of England and also in the Scottish Lowlands a level of cheese production has been reached such as had

no existence except towards the very close of last century. The butter at the dairy show was also exceedingly good.

## POULTRY FOR CHRISTMAS

Norfolk is now devoting great attention to turkeys for Christmas, and every day in October means much to the owner who expects a really good price per lb. The bigger the turkey the more per lb. will it fetch, as a rule. Food that makes for quick development can now hardly be too dear, and skim milk instead of water pays as drink, especially where, as on many farms, there is little other use for it. The famine price to which oatmeal has risen drives farmers to other meal, but there is a good choice, and any standard look on the turkey will provide the owner with a series of alternative rations. Green food must never be wholly lacking to the turkey's dietary, and a little crushed maize, a sprinkling of buck wheat and a few brewer's grains may all be given with advantage. Seeing how much trouble a turkey gives, and how many young birds die in the summer, the householder will not, we hope, grudge his shilling, or even fifteenpence, a lb. to the East Anglian farmer in December next. Fowls and geese are also being taken in hand for Christmas. The latter, we are glad to hear, have done splendidly this autumn in the late stubbles with their abundance of shed grain.

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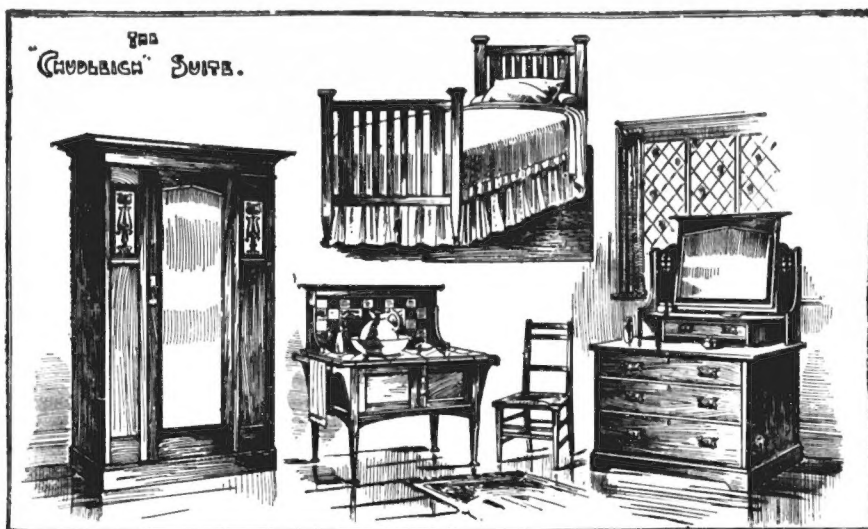
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